

SHAKESPEARIANA.

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety."—ANT. & CLEO.

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SOME PARALLELISMS BETWEEN SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLISH AND THE NEGRO-ENGLISH OF THE UNITED STATES.

It seems almost cruel to subject the words of that paragon of good old "darkies," the wise and witty Uncle Remus, to the cold dissection-like analysis of the linguistic student; and yet if he can give us instruction as well as move us to heartiest laughter, we should not refuse the large benediction of his black but loyal hand. And that he can teach many things, but a few minutes of observation will convince us. He does not belong to that class whom he stigmatizes in his homely but forceful way when he says that it is a "mighty po' bee dat don't make mo' honey dan he want."

The utility of the study of this negro-English is at once shown and amusingly illustrated by one of the very last *addenda* to that admirable, learned, and, by comparison, solemn work, Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*. I quote this *addendum* almost entire:

"YANKEE. We also find Low G. *jakkern*, to keep walking about, certainly connected with Du. *jagen* and *jacht*. Also Norw. *janka*, to totter, belongs to the same set of words. I have now little doubt that *yankee* is connected with these words, and not with *English* nor with Du. *jankin*, both obviously guesses, and not good guesses. In his Supplem. Glossary, Davies quotes: 'Proceed in thy story in a direct course, without yawing like a Dutch *yanky*.' Davies explains *yanky* as meaning 'a species of ship.' I conclude that *yanky* or *yankee* originally meant 'quick-moving,' hence active, smart, spry, etc.; and that it is from the verb *yank*, to jerk. The verb 'to

yank, meaning 'to jerk,' was carried from the North of England or Scotland to America, where Mr. Buckland heard it used in 1871, and thought 'we ought to introduce it into this country,' quite forgetting whence it came. In his *Logbook of a Fisherman and Naturalist*, he gives the following verses, 'composed by one Grumbo Cuff':

'A grasshopper sat on a sweet-potato vine,
Sweet-potato vine, sweet-potato vine,
A big, wild turkey came running up behind
And *yanked* the poor grasshopper off
The sweet-potato vine, the sweet-potato vine,'"

In the language of Polonius: "That's good; 'Grumbo Cuff,' is good." And so the illustrious 'Grumbo,' or more correctly 'Gumbo,' doubtless a descendant of a Yankee imported sire, is the means of establishing the derivation of the much disputed '*yankee*,' and of giving to all true-blooded Yankees the pleasing information that, even etymologically, they are both 'smart' and 'spry.' Henceforth, he has additional and learned claims to rank as an historical personage, whether he is to be known familiarly as 'Gumbo,' or, with the dignity befitting an historical character, as 'Mr. Cuffee.'*

To give the history of this dialect is too formidable an undertaking for the present writer, and probably for the pages of SHAKESPEARIANA, and a full discussion of the Negro-English of the Southern States of North America would be nothing less than the discussion of a dialect having certain general characteristics, but with widely diverging variations.

* Mr. Buckland was probably the victim of a joke or of a misapprehension, when he understood that this old song was by "one Grumbo Cuff." 'Gumbo' not 'Grumbo' 'Cuffee' or 'Cuff' (as who should say Polly or Poll) would very probably be the name assigned to an unknown negro author, since Cuffee, or Cuffy, is a sort of generic name applicable, like "darkey" to any negro in the South. But, as a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, this joke, if joke were intended, was taken with all a traveler's earnest, and Mr. Buckland's hand transcribed what his ear heard: "one Grumbo Cuff." All this to a Southerner is funny, with a fun wholly indescribable and irresistible. Did our learned traveler ask—perish the thought!—but did he ask whether "Grumbo Cuff" was dead.

The negro of the South Carolina rice fields, for instance, would be equally hard of comprehension to the negro "hand," and to the white owner of the tobacco plantations of Virginia, were he to use his habitual lingo. There the African element of speech and of manner of thought is largely predominant. Yet care and effort in speaking, eked out with many "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," would render even him intelligible as to ordinary matters.

The 'old Virginia darkey,' on the other hand, is readily understood in any part of the country, though, in his case too, the majority of his hearers, if in the North or West, would doubtless be aware that a part of what he said, both single words and combinations of words, was only comprehensible to them by reason of connection and context, or was not comprehended at all.

Into the general causes and manners of these obscurities of the negro speech I will not attempt to go—especially as we are promised in a forthcoming number of *Anglia*, a discussion of the Negro-English, by a contributor to SHAKESPEARIANA, who is probably the best qualified man in the South to write on the subject.

But there are some things in the Negro-English so immediately representative of Shakespeare English as to be matter of interest to all students of Shakespeare philology, and of daily practical value to those students who live in the Southern States.

Many a time has it been the fortune of the writer to illustrate and make plain to a class of Southern girls a Shakespeare construction or difficulty of idiom, by giving an equivalent or the equivalent turn of phrase familiar enough in the mouths of "Aun' Patsey" or "Unc' Pompey." Comprehension became easy when the stranger was found to be an old acquaintance.

The explanation of this similarity of idiom between Shakespeare English and the Negro-English is not far to seek when we remember the persistence of archaic forms in the oral and unlearned speech of the common people in all countries; when we remember the fact that the negroes of Virginia, of the Middle States, and of New England, who were the lingual as the physical progenitors of the majority of the American negroes of to-day, acquired the English language in the seventeenth century, and that the language of King James' authorized version of the Bible, so nearly the language of Shakespeare, is the English which in part they learned then and which they have heard most persistently ever since. It is *the one literary* form of English with which they have always been

familiar. A comparison of their vocabulary, turn of thought, and form of speech with the Bible language would be sure richly to repay the trouble. It is worth bearing in mind, too, that the language of the authorized version is really older than Shakespeare's, being produced in the earlier Tudor English of Henry VIII's time.

In fact, the authorized version claims yet more ancient descent, for it is based upon Cranmer's Bible, and that upon Tyndale's translation, who in turn goes back to the version of Wycliffe in 1383 and the time of Chaucer.

Of Tyndale's Bible Mr. G. P. Marsh says (*Orig. and Hist. of Eng. Lang.* p. 505), that his "translation of the New Testament, first published in 1526, has exerted a more marked influence upon English philology than any other native work, between the ages of Chaucer and of Shakespeare," and "that it is fortunate that Tyndale's translation * * * was executed before the traditional sacred dialect, handed down from the time of Wycliffe, was yet much affected by this flood of Latinisms which, a few years later, produced so marked a change in the English language" (p. 511).

Furthermore, the colloquial English of the seventeenth century was more archaic than the literary language of that time, as has been true of all languages and all times until the present day of newspaper propagation of slang, and of all manner of ill-conditioned, new-fangled barbarisms of speech.

This aspect of the Negro-English as an illiterate dialect developed since the seventeenth century, but really antedating the literature of that time, by reason of its basis in the Bible English and in the provincialisms of colloquial speech, makes it well worth the attention which it is receiving, and should-attract more, for it is a form of the English language of considerable philological and historical interest which is rapidly passing away under the combined influence of the abolition of the slave relations and of the establishment of the public-school system in the South.

Within the next quarter of a century, not only will Pompey and Patsy and Plato and Keziah be gone, but their speech also will be a thing of the past, except as it may be preserved in the works of the curious or the learned, or, in such jolly pages as those of "Uncle Remus." As a living tongue it will have vanished from the face of the earth, save, perhaps, in unfrequented nooks and corners.

The manner in which the Negro-English became established should be briefly recalled: In the first place the negroes acquired English wholly by ear, and without the intervention

* As friend nized done h
† U other Abbott English Diction

of written sounds, just as children acquire their native tongue.*

The life of the slave-holding States was essentially a country life, the cities being few in number and comparatively small in size. Thus the negroes heard and learned the English of their white neighbors, of their overseers, and chiefly of their masters' families. Evidently the opportunities of the "hands" or common laborers would not be the same as that of the house servants, who, therefore, in their turn, would become the teachers of the less favored ones.

Thus local terms and provincialisms imported from England and kept in the household use of particular families would continually be given a sort of currency among the negroes, be carried by them to other districts, and perhaps acquire permanent position in their speech.

The English of the farm life, with all the operations and instrumentalities of agriculture, the English of the interior of the house, including the whole domestic economy, would be familiar to the negroes.

But these are things which change very slowly, and whose names change and disappear still more slowly. So that it is not surprising that so large an element of homely and archaic English should have remained current in their speech.

With the single exception of the language of religion—but not of theology—they did not need, and hence did not use nor know English, beyond this servile plane of existence.

While the white race above adapted or enlarged their vocabulary to suit the changes of circumstance and thought, the negroes below remained, in comparison, unchanged, generation after generation, and hence preserved the old names along with the old things.

Just so the peasantry of parts of England have preserved their dialects, and so the peasantry of Hanover still speak their *Platt Deutsch*.

The influence of their native African speech must have been great; and, in addition, many Indian names and terms became incorporated, whether derived through the whites or from the Indians directly.

Of course, in so imitative and musical a

race the coining and re-adaptation of words would be resorted to when any new experience demanded a new expression. Hence their dialectic variations.

Now all this would produce a form of speech full of archaisms, of irregularities, of blunders, of compromises, of dissolution of forms, of attempted construction of forms, of misapplications and misapprehensions—all the characteristics of a conglomerate, unlearned, but vigorous tongue, whose chief aim was clearness and strength of utterance regardless of grammatical proprieties. It is in this aspect that it approaches most nearly Shakespeare's English (*cf.* Abbott Intro., pp. 5-16), and it is under these aspects that a brief examination will be made of some of its peculiarities of form and of construction, but only in so far as paralleled in Shakespeare.

Only two of Uncle Remus' stories are drawn upon for illustrations, except for an occasional odd reference, and neither one of these two is treated in an exhaustive manner. These stories are: No. II. *The Wonderful Tar Baby Story*, and No. XXV, *How Mr. Rabbit Lost His Fine Bushy Tail*. [These two stories should be read in connection with these comments; they are too long for transcription.]†

Extracts from the *Wonderful Tar Baby Story* (pp. 23-25).

"He come mighty *nigh* it, *honey*" (p. 231)—*nigh* is really the correct form, *near* being in fact the comparative of *nigh* used as the positive, and hence *nearer* is a double comparative. This prepositional force of *nigh* we find in *Macbeth*, IV, ii, 72:

"To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too *nigh* your person,"

and it is an adverb in *As You Like It*, II, vii, 185:

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so *nigh*
As benefits forgot."—(*Schmidt, Lex.*)

"*Honey*"—In *Othello* II, i, 206, Othello says to Desdemona:

"*Honey*, you shall be well desired in Cyprus."

* As an illustration of the perversion of names consequent upon this acquisition of language by ear alone, a friend once told me that he had heard a darkey speaking of the "*Chesterpekiah*" road, which name he recognized from the connection as intended for the "Chesapeake and Ohio." Dogberry himself could hardly have done better.

† *Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings*, by Joel Chandler Harris. D. Appleton & Co., 1881. The other references are as follows: To the "Globe" edition of Shakespeare; to the paragraphs of Rev. E. A. Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*; to the paragraphs of Dr. R. Morris' *Elementary Lessons in Historical English Grammar*; to Dr. Alex. Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon*; to Rev. W. W. Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*.

"Brer Fox went to work and *got 'im* some tar" (p. 23). This is the dative of reference, as it is called, which is familiar throughout the language from the A. S. down. It occurs in *Macbeth*, V, iv, 4:

"Let every soldier hew *him* down a bough
And bear't before him."

Hamlet, II, ii, 601:

"Gives me the lie i' the throat
As deep as to the lungs? who does *me* this."

Taming of the Shrew, I, ii, 11-12:

"Knock *me* at their gate
And rap *me* well, or I'll knock your knave's pate."
(Cf. Abbott, 220.)

"He *sot 'er* in de big road, en den he lay off in de bushes *fer ter see* what de news was gwinter be." (p. 23).

Sot for *sat* here represents first a mistake in conjugating the strong verb *to sit* and then the use of the intransitive *sit* for the transitive *set*. To this usage we find the counterpart in *Lear*, III, iv, 122:

"*Squints* the eye and makes the hare-lip,"

where also an intransitive is used with the causative force. (Abbott, 291.)

The liberty of Shakespeare even does not exceed that of the negroes in this particular. There is almost literally no word which they will not turn into a full fledged transitive verb upon the slightest provocation and sometimes with most amusingly novel effect.

"*Fer ter see* what de news," etc.

"*For to*, which is now never joined with the infinitive except by a vulgarism," says Dr. Abbott, "was very common in E. E. and A. S., and is not uncommon in the Elizabethan writers. It probably owes its origin to the fact that the prepositional meaning of 'to' was gradually weakened as it came to be considered nothing but the sign of the infinitive. Hence, *for* was added to give the notion of motion or purpose." (Abbott, 152, 358; cf. also Morris, 206.) This gerundial or dative infinitive is quite familiar to us in the Bible English, as, "But what went ye out *for to see*?" (Matt., xi, 8) with the *for* prefixed, or without the *for*, as in the preceding verse (Matt., xi, 7), "What

went ye out in the wilderness *to see*?" So Shakespeare writes in *Hamlet*, III, i, 175:

"Which *for to* prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England,"

and in *Macbeth*, III, ii, 21:

"Better be with the dead,
Whom we, *to gain* our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie in restless ecstasy."

This need for emphasizing the future force of the infinitive appeals very strongly to the negro ear and is generally observed. They do not commonly use *for to* with the ordinary infinitive, and rarely fail to use it when they wish to express purpose.

"He *fotch* up on his behime legs *like* he wuz 'stonished" (p. 24).

Just as such archaic forms for the past tense of strong verbs, now conjugated regularly, as *clomb* and *holp* (pronounced *hope*) are retained, so we frequently find forms like *fotch*, instead of *fetched*, derived on the analogy of *clomb*, from verbs which, however, never had the vowel change of the strong conjugation. It is a mere blunder, but a justifiable one, so to speak.* Shakespeare writes in much the same way. "The wind-shaked surge"—*Othello*, II, i, 13; and "we had *droven* them home"—*Antony and Cleopatra*, IV, vii, 5; and illustrations of his using improperly derived forms of verbs are frequent. (Cf. Abbott, 343, 344.)

"*Like* he wuz 'stonished."

This confusion of the adverb *like* into a conjunction is still only too common in the daily speech of even well-informed people; and Shakespeare thus uses *like* followed by *as*. *Hamlet*, I, ii, 217:

"It lifted up its head and did address
Itself to motion, *like as* it would speak."

"De Tar-Baby, *she sot* dar, she did, en Brer Fox, *he lay low*" (p. 24.) Here the prevailing tendency of the darkey speech—to attain strength and clearness—produced the same result so familiar in Shakespeare's English. In addition to the noun-subject the pronoun is inserted superfluously though

* This formation of tenses by analogy is a most natural process for children who learn by ear, as was amusingly illustrated by an incident which occurred during my college days. A little son of a very distinguished American poetess went to the window one cold morning and exclaimed: "Mamma, I *knowed* it snowed last night!" "Don't say *knowed* my son, say *knew*." "Well, I *knew* it *snew* last night," replied the youngster, rising promptly to the height of the occasion.

forcibly. "The subject or object stands first, like the title of a book, to call the attention of the [hearer] to what may be said about it." (Abbott, 243.) Cf. *Hamlet*, I, iii, 63:

"Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

I Hen. II, III, ii, 60:

"The skipping king, he ambled up and down."

"Sez Brer Rabbit sezee" (says he) p. 24. The rapidity of the darkey pronunciation has the same effect as is found in Chaucer's *wiltou* for *wilt thou*; so in *Ham.*, V, i, 298, "*woo't* weep," where *woo't* is for *wilt thou* or *wouldst thou*, so in the phrase *willy-nilly* for *will he ne-will-he* (nill he).

"Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nuthin'" (p. 24).

This doubling of the negatives, as of the comparatives, is so common in the speech of the illiterate, white as well as black, as hardly to need illustration from *Uncle Remus*. The usage is, however, interesting if it can be shown to be a survival due to oral speech. It was once the rule in the written language, so late as Shakespeare, as of *M. of V.*, V, I, 83, 4.

"The man that hath *no* music in himself,
Nor is *not* moved with concord of sweet sounds."

"Brer Fox, he sorter *chuckle* in his stum-muck, *he did*" (p. 24). Uncle Remus is not at all particular as to his tenses, unless he wishes to convey distinctly the idea of past time, and then he is apt to use the following methods of tense formation. (1) He uses the regularly formed past tense of the weak verb, e. g., En den he *butted* (p. 25), which is rare, (2) or he uses a strong form for the past tense with sublime indifference as to whether the verb be a strong or a weak verb; (3) or he states his verb in a present form and follows it by the explanatory use of *did*, as in our example; (4) or he employs both the strong past form and *did*, e. g., "Tar-Baby, she *sot* dar, she *did*" (p. 24). We have the use in our example in *Hamlet*, I, ii, 207,

"This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart *they did*." (Abbott, 304.)

"I'm gwint *ter larn* you how *ter talk*" (p. 24).

This causative force of *learn* supersedes *teach* almost entirely in the Negro-English. It is quite common in Shakespeare, in whose time it had evidently retained the double power belonging to the A. S. intransitive

leornian and to the causative *laeran*. (Cf. Skeat "Learn"), e. g., *Temp.*, I, ii, 365:

"The red plague rid you,
For *learning* me your language" (Abbott, 291).

"He couldn't laff no mo'" (p. 25).

Is this *mo'* the mere corruption of Uncle Remus' English, or is it a survival from Shakespeare and the M. E.? If the latter, it has evidently lost the distinction frequently observed by Shakespeare between *mo* or *moe* and *more*, that namely *mo* signifying number, was the comparative of *many* and *more* signifying quantity was the comparative of *much*. Cf. *Much Ado*, II, iii, 72:

"Sing no *more* ditties, sing no *moe*."

M. of V., I, i, 108:

"Well, keep me company but two years *moe*."

J. C., II, i, 72:

"Is he alone?"

"No sir, there are *moe* with him."

W. Tale, I, ii, 8:

"I multiply,
With one 'we thank you' many thousands *moe*,
That go before it."

W. Tale, IV, iv, 278:

"And let's first see *moe* ballads."

(Cf. Abbott, 17; Morris, 116; Skeat *Etym. Dict.* Schmidt.)

"He *mout*, en den agin he *moutent*" p. 25. With the single exception (so far as I can ascertain with the means at my command), of 3 *Henry VI*: V, ii, 45—

"And more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That *mought* not be distinguished—"

this form is older than Shakespeare in the literary language, though colloquially it was doubtless familiar enough among the English country people of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as it probably is to this day. In addition to the form *might*, which has survived as the accepted form, we find in the Early and Middle English such forms as *mochte moght, moghte, moughte* (cf. *Specimens of Early English*. Parts I and II. Morris and Skeat.)

"You *bet.r run 'long*" (p. 25). With his customary brevity in the merely formal part of his discourse, Uncle Remus omits the *were* or *had* generally found before *better* in this phrase. In ordinary conversation, however, it is quite common to hear the verb

omitted, as, "Didn't I say you *better not do so and so?*" This whole series of locutions: I *had rather*, I *would rather*, I *had as lief*, you *had better*, you *were better*, you *were best*, etc., have there common origin in the A. S. construction where the dative, and not the nominative, of the pronoun was used with the comparative—*e. g.*, "(to) me (it) were liefer"—and they have grown up by a series of misapprehensions and confusions of construction (*cf.* "On the Origin of 'Had Rather Go' and Analogous or Apparently Analogous Locutions," Fitzedward Hall, *Amer. Jour. Phil.* Vol. II, No. 7, 1881). Shakespeare has these idioms in their variety. I cite some examples:

Hamlet, III, ii, 4:

"I *had as lief* the town-crier spoke my lines."

Hamlet, II, ii, 549:

"After your death you *were better have* a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live."

Lear, III, iv, 105:

"Thou *wert better* in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies."

Oth., III, iii, 362:

"Thou *hadst been better* have been born a dog Than answer my naked wrath."

Oth., III, iii, 270:

"I *had rather* be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon."
(*Cf. Abbott*, 230.)

"How Mr Rabbit Lost His Fine Bushy Tail"
(pp. 108-111).

"Brer Fox, he *up'n 'spon'* dat he kotch *um*" (p. 110).

It is not infrequent to find in Shakespeare adverbs or prepositions used in the sense of motion, though no verb of motion accompany them.

Hamlet, II, ii, 113:

"In (into) her excellent white bosom, these," etc.

Two Gent. of V., II, iv, 176:

"Is gone with her along, and I must *after*."
(*Cf. Schmidt*.)

Uncle Remus not only gives this power to *up* but he does more—he makes it in effect a verb. (See p. 113: "Brer Bar, he *ups* and sez"; p. 193 top: "so, 'long'") (*Abbott*, 30).

"He kotch *um*" (p. 110). In this *um* we readily recognize the *'em* of our daily speech

and of the dramatists. As in *Henry V.*: IV, iii, 124:

"They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave *'em* them,
Shall yield them little."

This *'em* was a survival in Shakespeare's time and has continued so to our day; for says Dr. Morris, "In the dramatists, *'em* is not a corruption of *them*, but of the older *hem*. (*Cf. Morris*, 131).

"In dem days day wuz *monstus* fon'er minners" (p. 118).

The use of one part of speech for another is almost as indiscriminate in Shakespeare as in Uncle Remus. We find this very adjective used adverbially, for does not "sweet bully Bottom" say: "An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too, I'll speak in a *monstrous* little voice, 'Thisne, Thisne—*M. N. D.*, I, ii, 54. (*Abbott*, 1.)

"Lo en beholes" (p. 111).

This word *beholes* is evidently mistaken for an adverb—probably the whole locution is regarded as a mere adverbial of manner. Hence it has the common adverb termination formed from the genitive case, a formation familiar to Shakespeare as to us (*cf. Morris*, 224).

Shakespeare frequently uses *needs*, as we do still, and Polonius says:

"Come your *ways*" (*Ham.*, I, iii, 135).

Compare *T. Night*, V, i, 198:

"But if he had not been in drink he would have tickled you other *gates* than he did;"

and *Ham.*, V, ii, 235:

"What is't to leave *betimes?*"

and, as Dr. Abbott notes, the Prayer Book has, "those who are any *ways* afflicted or distressed" (*Abbott*, 25). So, too, Uncle Remus, instead of our *while* or *whilst*, uses *w'iles* (whiles), which really is the correct M. E. form. Our *whilst* is this same word with the parasitic *t* attached (as in *amidst*—amiddes, etc.), which *t* is frequently heard in once (*t*) and twice (*t*), though it is not and never was so written.

The parallelisms are by no means exhausted, but, as Uncle Remus remarks: "'Twon't do fer ter give out too much cloff fer ter cut one pa'r pants," and enough has been said, it is hoped, to call attention to what promises to be a valuable field of investigation for, at least, the American students of Shakespeare.

It will be seen that this commentary has been confined to a consideration of a small part of one form of negro dialect; that the comparison has been between that dialect and a single Elizabethan author; that most of the parallelisms have been sought in a few of Shakespeare's best-known plays—that the references are chiefly to two or three books usually in the hands of Shakespearian students—that, in a word, the minimum of trouble is necessary to any one curious of studying the subject for himself.

Certainly the writer will feel repaid if a greater interest in Shakespeare and a more discriminating admiration of Uncle Remus be called forth by anything said herein. But why should the interest not extend beyond the individuals to the class? Why should not the dialectic treasures of our language in the United States be preserved before they are lost? The negro dialect alone would richly repay study. But that is not the only one in our midst; nor, indeed, the only one with a strong admixture of foreign language. And within the limits of our English itself, it is not too much to say that the dialectic variations of Virginia and Massachusetts and South Carolina might be compared with great profit.

Surely it would be a pleasure—if I may be pardoned for naming names—to Professors Harrison, of Washington and Lee; Price, of Columbia; March, of Lafayette; Child, of Harvard; Corson, of Cornell; Adams, of Johns Hopkins; Baskerville, of Vanderbilt; Sharp, of Louisiana; to Mr. Joseph Crosby, of Zanesville; Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, of Atlanta; Mr. Geo. W. Cable, of New Orleans, not to go any further—surely it would be a pleasure to these gentlemen to set on foot a movement eventuating in the founding of a "Dialect and Folk Lore Society" for the United States, whose aim shall be the collection and preservation of what is worth keeping in our dialects and of what is rapidly disappearing. Let us keep what we can; for there is power for civilization as well as delight and inspiration in "the stretched metre of an antique song;" and though much may be already lost to us, yet what saith Uncle Remus?—"Better de gravy dan no grease 'tall."

Two words in closing: My most ardent hope in presenting this exceedingly imperfect sketch is that it may become an appeal and an impulse to the more thorough study of our mother tongue in America. That is the true solution for us of the "classical question"—the thorough study of English, with all other languages made subordinate and subsidiary studies thereto. King Alfred did not earn the title of "Creator of the English Literature," nor did he try to civilize his fierce, ignorant West-Saxons by his Latin schools. Latin was to him merely a means; English was his end. Again, the Greeks did not develop their splendid language and literature by an affectation of culture of Persian or Phœnician niceties of speech; *they studied Greek*; and they had their reward. If I may be allowed a somewhat inconsequential expression of opinion, it is my deliberate conviction, based, I will confess, upon a college smattering only of Latin and Greek, and upon a very imperfect knowledge of historical English—it is my deliberate conviction that the average college-bred boy or girl would get more of the peculiar training claimed for the study of the classics were he to give the same time to the undivided study of English that is now devoted to English and Latin and Greek and French or German. This applies merely to the mental training derived from school study of the classic languages. Before deciding against this proposition, I respectfully ask any who may feel aggrieved to sit down to the careful analysis of a page of the *Beowulf* first and to a page of Shakespeare afterward. Hardly any one of the ultra-classic advocates would be so bold as to maintain that the Latin and Greek study would or could give to the average boy the solid information, the knowledge of humanity, the literary training which the English literature could and would give during the college period. Let us have more English.

The discussion carried on in this paper may seem at times to border upon flippancy. That tendency should be forgiven, because of the difficulty felt by any Southerner in suppressing a very broad grin whenever he is dealing with Uncle Remus.

Wm Taylor Thron

SHAKESPEARE AND MARSTON.

II.

ABOUT this time of reconciliation Marston left the Paul's company and wrote for the Children of the Chapel. His play of the *Malcontent* could not well be later than this, as it definitely alludes to the woman with the horn in her forehead as exhibited twelve years since. This woman was on show in 1588. I have proved elsewhere that the *Malcontent* was acted by the Revels (Chapel) Children at Blackfriars and not by the Admiral's men. I may now point out that these children abridged their plays in order to introduce music between the acts and that the so-called "additions" by Marston in the 1604 edition are simply restorations of these omitted passages. This is certain in the case of this play, as the horned woman could not have been alluded to in additions written in 1604 as twelve years since. In the following passage if there be imitation it must be on the side of Shakespère. It occurs in the original play, not in the so-called additions, whereas the corresponding bit from *Hamlet* is found in one of the additions made in the 1604 quarto.

"Sweet women! In body how delicate, in soul how witty, in discourse how pregnant, in life how wary, in favours how judicious, in day how sociable and in night how—" Act I, v.

Compare :

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god!" *Hamlet*, II, ii.

And again, in Act III, Scene iii,

"Ho, ho, ho, ho! Art there, old truepenny?"

is taken from *Hamlet*, Act I, v.

In Act II, iii, Malvole begins to sing the same song as Falstaff in 2 *Henry IV*.

"When Arthur first in court began."

In Act II, iii, we meet with a parody on the graveyard scene in *Hamlet*:

"The stone coffins of long dead Christians burst up and make hogs' troughs—*Hic finis Priami*."

As Burbadge, Condell, etc., Shakespère's friends and fellows, played in this piece, we cannot expect to find him parodied to the same extent in it that we do elsewhere. An allusion

to the near production of *The Fox* (not *Sejanus*) in the Epilogue fixes the date of the *Malcontent* in its revised form to 1604. Mr. Collier, who says the allusion is to *Sejanus*, seems to have regarded Thalia as the Tragic Muse. It is strange to see classical scholars adopting this conjecture of his.

The character of Marston in the stage quarrel of 1598-1601 was assailed on three sides—of vanity, of cowardice, and of malignity. In *Twelfth Night*, I believe that Malvolio was a representation of Marston's vanity, as Thersites has been of his malignity, and Pistol of his braggart cowardice. At any rate, there is a singular likeness between the names of the *Malcontent* Malevole and the steward Malvolio, and a still more singular agreement between IO: MA:, Marston's abbreviated signature, and the M. O. A. I. of the letter in *Twelfth Night* addressed to MALVOLIO. These anagram conceits are so common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as to need no further notice; and no satisfactory explanation of M. O. A. I. has hitherto been given. Marston's reply to this was his next play, the comedy of *What You Will*, which is clearly a personal satire, Marston himself being Lam-patho Doria in the play. The very title is taken from the original name of Shakespère's *Twelfth Night*, and as both plays were probably acted in 1601, it is not unlikely that this appropriation may have led to the adoption of the second name, *Twelfth Night*, for the Globe play. There is also a plain allusion to a well-known passage in *Hamlet* in the induction:

Dor. Is't comedy, tragedy, pastoral, moral, nocturnal, or historic?

Phy. Faith, perfectly neither; but even What You Will.

Compare *The Taming of a Shrew*.

Sander. My Lord, you may have a tragical, a commodity, or what you will.

This last passage quoted was probably the source of the name of Shakespère's play.

There is also an allusion to Richard III, Act II, i:

Qua. Ha! he mount Chirall on the wings of fame.
A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse.
Look thee, I speak play scraps.

And to Hamlet in Act III, ii:

Shall I speak like a poet? "Thrice hath the horned moon —"

Compare

"Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash, etc."

Play Scene in Hamlet, Act III, ii.

In or about 1602 Shakespeare produced an alteration of an earlier play under the title of *All's Well That Ends Well*. In this alteration he introduced the coward Parolles, whom I believe to be Marston and his drum. This was retaliation for *Jack Drum's entertainment*. Marston's *Duke Courtesan*, I think of 1602, is full of allusions to the title of *All's Well*. For instance, at the end:—

"We do not hope 'tis best—'tis all if well."

And in IV, iv,

"Did no one see him since? Pray God—Nay, *all is well*."

In IV, iii, we have gibberish introduced as a foreign language as in Shakespeare's play.

In IV, i,

"*All's well, all's well*. This shall be ended straight."

In II, i, the answer "O Lord, Sir," so much ridiculed by Shakespeare in *All's Well*, is adopted and worked upon by Holofernes.

These instances, so slight in themselves, if taken singly, are sufficient, when considered together, to prove special reference to this play. I cannot enlarge on other allusions here, my main object in this paper being to establish the chronological succession of Marston's plays, so as to give a firm basis for future investigations as to his relations with Jonson, Chapman, and Shakespeare, which will be found full of interest. I may notice, however, the two characters, Crispinella and Beatrice, which are palpable imitations of Beatrice and Hero in *Much Ado About Nothing*. There are also certain wise constables, samples of the numerous fry of imitations of Dogberry and Verges. I regret that the conversation of the young women, though sparkling enough, is not of a character fit for quotation. The whole plan of the play, with Freevill's supposed death and subsequent restoration, is a kind of burlesque on Shakespeare's comedy with the parts of the sexes interchanged. There are also reminiscences of the same author, for instance.

"Best art presents not what it can but should."

Prologue.

Compare,

"And what poor duty cannot do [but would]
Noble respect takes it in might not merit."

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V, i.

There is, moreover, an allusion to Chapman's *World Runs on Wheels*, acted in 1599.

Next in the list comes the *Insatiate Countess*. The earliest copy known of this play dates 1613, but it is mentioned by Langbaine as having been published in 1603, and certainly was produced by that year. The play contains two plots and was written by two authors. The second of these, whose name appears on the title-page of some copies of date 1631 as sole author, was William Barksted. The under-plot, which is entirely personal and satirical in its allusions, is one of the series concerned in the quarrel between Marston and other playwrights.

Among the allusions to Shakespeare we may notice:

Miz. Slave, I will fight with thee at any odds;
I'll meet thee on the ridges of the Alps
Or some inhospitable wilderness,
Stark nak't, at push of pike or keen curtaxe,
At Turkish sickle, Babylonian saw,
The ancient hooks of great Cadwallader,
Or any other heathen inventions!

Tha. Oh, God bless the man!

There is real humor in this parody. Compare *Richard III*, I, i:

Mons. Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.

There is a scene between Abigail and Thais reading two love-letters received each from the other's husband, which is a close copy of Act II, Scene i, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. It is unfortunately, like so much of Marston's writing, unquotable. There is also another scene between Mendoza below and Lady Lenuulus at her window which is filled with echoes from *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II, ii, *The Merchant of Venice*, etc. I subjoin two speeches from it. The parallel passages will occur to every reader:

"Night, like a solemn mourner, frowns on earth,
Envyng that Day should force her doff her robes,
Or Phœbus chase away her melancholy.
Heaven's eye looks faintly through her sable mask,
And silver Cynthia hies her in her sphere,
Scorning to grace black Night's solemnity.
Be unpropitious, Night, to villain thoughts,
But let thy diamonds shine on virtuous love!
This is the lower house of high-built heaven,
Where my chaste Phœbe sits enthroned 'mong
thoughts

So purely good, brings her to heaven on earth,
Such power hath souls in contemplation."

"Darkes the world; earth's queen, get thee to bed;
The earth is light while those two stars are spread
This splendor will betray me to men's eyes.
Vail thy bright face; for, if thou longer stay,
Phœbus will rise to thee and make night day."

There is also an imitation of Dogberry:

Cap. If you meet a shevoiliero, that's in the gross phrase a knight, that swaggers in the street, and being taken has no money in his purse to pay for his fees, it shall be a part of your duty to entreat me to let him go.

1. O marvellous! Is there such shevoilieros?
 2. Some two hundred. That's the least that are revealed.
- Act III, i.

This passage fixes the date of the play as not earlier than the creation of the Knights of the last edition in 1603 by James I, and the allusions to Jonson, etc., will not allow us to choose a later year for Marston's part of this play.

But in Barksted's part there is a passage that seems to allude to Macbeth:

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green
one red."

Macbeth, V, i.

"Although the waves of all the Northern Sea
Should flow forever through these guilty hands,
Yet the sanguinolent stain would extant be."

Insatiate Countess, V, i.

Hamlet is also imitated by Barksted:

"Didst thou not kill him drunk?
Thou should'st; or in the embraces of his lust;
It might have been a woman's vengeance."

Act V, i.

This part of the play is evidently later than Marston's share, and that it was patched on without Marston's knowledge is evident from the inextricable tangle into which the cobbler has managed to immesh the names of the personages. There are more than two hundred blunders in the printed editions in this matter alone. If one may conjecture, and nothing but conjecture is attainable on this point, it would seem that the original edition of 1603 (Marston's own play) had been suppressed for its personalities, and that Barksted had rewritten the main plot at a later date, patching on Marston's under-plot, which still awaits interpretation.

The play of *The Fawn*, which Marston himself speaks of as a mature work in contradistinction to *The Malcontent* written in his youth, is certainly one of the best of his productions. It is in several of its main ideas a pendant to *Measure for Measure*. The Duke, who becomes Fawn, an informer in disguise, and the abusive Herod who sneaks out of the consequences of his calumnies by falsehood and recrimination, are manifest attempts to rival

the characters of the Duke and Lucio in Shakespeare. Although *The Fawn* was certainly one of Marston's latest works, he still quotes the same plays of his model. Thus,

"Plots ha' you laid? Inductions dangerous?"

is taken from *Richard III*: I, i.

"A repressed fame is like the camomile. The more
trod down the more it grows."

is from *I Henry IV*: II, iv.

"I'll take my sacrament on it"

reminds us of *King John*, while this next passage is clearly from *Hamlet*:

Gar. But what more says it [thy almanac] good Fawn?

Her. Faith, lady, very strange things. It says that some ladies of your hair shall have feeble hams, short memories, and very weak eyesight, etc., etc.

Compare *Hamlet*, II, ii (quarto 2).

"The satirical rogue says here that old men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams," etc.

The Ship of Fools at the end of the play is not unlikely to be an allusion to Chapman's *All Fools* in its revised form, circa 1603. It was the same play as that alluded to before by Marston as *The World Runs Upon Wheels*. The second title *All Fools but The Fool* was given to it in 1599, and afterward on its revival abbreviated into *All Fools*.

The last play we have to notice is *Sophonisba*. This play is remarkable as being in several particulars modeled on Macbeth.

Compare the following passages.

Nuntin. My liege, my liege,
The scouts of Cirta bring intelligence
Of sudden danger: Full ten thousand horse,
Fresh and well rid, strong Massinissa leads
As wings to Roman legions that march swift,
Lead by that man of conquest, Scipio.

Syphax. Scipio?
Nun. Direct to Cirta; hark! their march is heard
Even to the city.

Syph. Help! on guard! my arms!
Bid all our leaders beat thick alarms!
I have seen things which thou wouldst quake to hear.
Boldness and strength; the shame of slaves be fear!
Up heart, hold sword! though waves roll thee on shelf,
Though fortune leave thee, leave not thou thyself.

Sophonisba, Act V, S. i.

* Thus in quarto 1: The satirical Satyr writes that old men have hollow eyes, weak backs, gray beards, pitiful weak hams, gouty legs.

Messenger. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon methought
The wood began to move.

Macbeth. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Mac. * * * Arm, arm, and out!

If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.

I 'gin to be weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarm-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with armour on our back.

Macbeth, Act V, S. v.

The Witch in this play is introduced as a rival to the *Macbeth* Witches; just as the Ghost in *Antonio* was as a rival to the Ghost in *Hamlet*, and there are other marks of imitation, of which I shall notice one as enough for my present purpose. The metrical style of *Macbeth*, especially its numerous rhymes at the ends of scenes, in which it is said to exceed any other play of Shakespeare, is parodied throughout. And not only does Marston introduce an equal number of rhymes or tags, as they have been called, at the ends of scenes, but he draws attention to them by *printing them in italics*. Passing over these slight allusions to other plays, such as "Bring me another horse," I now come to one of my principal objects in this paper. What was the date of this play?

That it was Marston's last play written alone will be evident to any one who has studied the development of his mind, and is also manifest from the fact that it, and it only, alludes to *Macbeth*. Now *Macbeth*, with its "twofold balls and treble sceptres," must have been written after James I's accession; probably after 24th October, 1604, when he was proclaimed King over Great Britain and Ireland; but long before 20th April, 1610, when Forman saw it performed at the Globe, R. Grant White's opinion that it was in the winter of 1604-05 (or rather I think autumn of 1604) that *Macbeth* was first performed not only suits the internal evidence of the play itself, but is strongly confirmed by what I have given above. *Sophonisba* was published in 1606, and was, therefore, probably acted in 1604-5; that it was run in opposition to *Macbeth* is highly probable and that it was written (like all Marston's plays) before *Lear* (1605) is almost certain. Marston, who never tired of parodying *Richard III* and *Hamlet*, and who seized on the salient points for imitation in *Macbeth* directly it was out would certainly not have omitted *Lear* among his copies. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Measure for Measure*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry IV*, *Twelfth Night*, *All's Well That*

Ends Well, in fact, every Shakespearian play either published or acted during Marston's career on the stage, is more or less imitated by him. But I cannot find a trace of *Lear* and am very doubtful as to *Othello*. I therefore date *Macbeth* as an earlier play than these two with all deference to the high authorities on the other side.

But if this be the case, Marston's single dramatic career closes with the end of 1604. In the earlier part of 1605 he was in prison with Chapman and Jonson for the writing of *Eastward Ho*. Was then this imprisonment the cause of his giving up the stage altogether? Likely enough. The plagiarist is generally a coward, and we have some positive evidence as to Marston's cowardice in Jonson's statement to Drummond that he "beat him and took his pistol from him." At any rate, in the allusions contained in his plays we have valuable evidence as to the dates to be assigned to Shakespeare's.

The following list gives Marston's plays, as nearly as they can be determined, with the companies by which they were acted, dates of publications, etc.

Name of play.	Company.	Produced.
Histrionastix	Admiral's	1599
Antonio and Mellida, I	Paul's	1599
Antonio and Mellida, II	Paul's	1600
Pasquil and Katherine	Paul's	1600
Malcontent	Revel's	1601
What You Will	?	1601
Dutch Courtesan	Revel's	1602
Insatiate Countess	Revel's	1603
Fawn	Revel's	1603-4
Sophonisba	Revel's	1604
Eastward Ho	Revel's	1604

Name of play.	Published.	Cf. Shakespeare.
Histrionastix	31 Oct., 1610	Troilus and Cressida.
Antonio and Mellida, I	24 Oct., 1601	Merchant of Venice.
Antonio and Mellida, II	24 Oct., 1601	Hamlet.
Pasquil and Katherine	8 Sept., 1600	Much Ado.
Malcontent	2 July, 1604	As You Like It.
What You Will	6 Aug., 1607	Twelfth Night.
Dutch Courtesan	26 June, 1605.	All's Well.
Insatiate Contess	— 1613.	Merry Wives.
Fawn	12 Mar., 1605-6	Measure for Measure.
Sophonisba	17 Mar., 1605-6	Macbeth.
Eastward Ho	4 Sept., 1605	

There is another point connected with the imprisonment of the three authors of *Eastward Ho*, in which, although Marston is not concerned, yet there are circumstances I cannot well pass over. It is said that in 1605 after the release of Chapman and Jonson they were again imprisoned for another play. Jonson's letter to Salisbury concerning it is dated 1605, and mentions his bondage for his first error. Now, it is extremely improbable that the very name of any work in which either Chapman or Jonson

was concerned should have disappeared. The play could not have been Byron's Conspiracy because it was in 1608 that the French Ambassador who procured the mutilation of that tragedy lamented his inability to get at the author, although he had three actors imprisoned. But why should not the first play have been Jonson's *Sejanus*? That was written by two authors, one of whom was Jonson. That was accused of attacking personally "men of these times." For that Jonson was called before the Council. That was re-written as Marston's *Insatiate Countess* was, and possibly for the same reason. That *Sejanus* was accused of taxing individuals is clear from Hugh Holland's commendatory verses, in which he defends it from the charge.

"Ye great ones

Nor make yourselves less honest than you are,

To make our author wiser than he is;

We of such crimes accuse him, which I dare

By all his muses swear be none of his.

The men are not, some faults may be, these times

He acts those men, and they did act those crimes."

It is certain also that the play as it stands does not contain attacks on individuals. These must have been in the part omitted, which also agrees with the fact that Jonson does not mention the name of the "happy genius" who took that part.

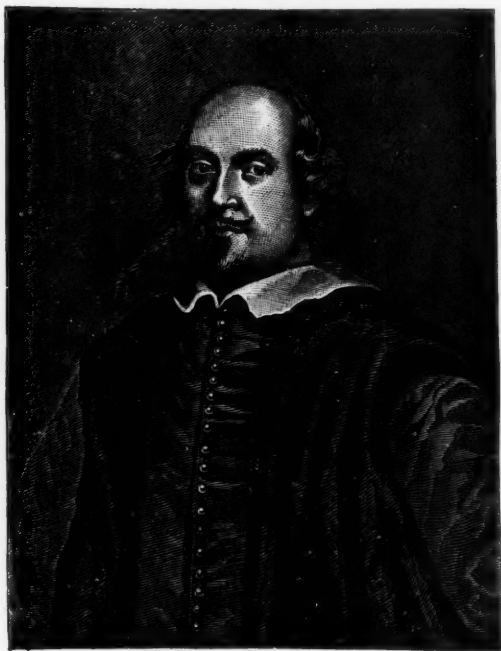
To return, however, to Marston. If my chronological arrangement of his plays is right, the history of his career must be this: In the year 1599 he joined the Admiral's company under Henslowe, then acting at the Rose Theatre. He wrote for them his *Histrionastix* against Chapman and Heywood; the entry of Columbus in Henslowe's diary is a forgery. On the removal of this company to the Fortune Theatre, he left them and joined the Children of Paul's, who reopened in 1599, after the prohibition on their performances inflicted in 1591 had been removed. For

them he produced three plays, one *Antonio and Mellida*, another *Antonio's Revenge*, most likely done for them to order, with a view of rivaling Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, after the usual fashion of that company; the third, *Jack Drum*, against Jonson. From there he passed to the Revel's Children's Company, certainly after Jonson had given up writing for these children in the early part of 1601, and produced various satirical plays directed against the Globe Company, including Shakespeare, before the year 1604. He then, if not before, became reconciled with Jonson, who had beaten him both on and off the stage, and in that year called him his friend, cordatus, candidus, poeta elegantissimus, carissimus, and paid him other fulsome compliments, and finally, after getting into prison for his share, together with Jonson and Chapman, in composing the play of *Eastward, Ho!* he disappears from dramatic history altogether. Nor can we much regret it. Evidently an unamiable man; coarse in his railing satire; vulgar in his tragedies, only displaying higher qualities in his comedies; untrustworthy as a friend, ready to bark or fawn on any one to gain his ends—a coward, a turncoat, a plagiarist. His comedies, however, have a strong tincture of the dramatic power which seems to have penetrated all writers for the stage at that period. His *Fawn* and *Malcontent* are well constructed, amusing plays well worth studying for their own sakes, and his other plays, besides having interspersed in them much humor and some poetry not to be altogether thrown aside, are a mine from which many an allusion can be dug which will help to explain, to chronologise, to illustrate the works of his great contemporary. A few of these I have gathered together in this paper. But there are many others which, though not bearing on the points I wished now to bring forward, are in other ways deserving of as much if not more attention.

LONDON.

F. G. Fleay

THE PORTRAITS OF SHAKESPEARE.



THE STRATFORD PORTRAIT.

V. THE STRATFORD PORTRAIT.

IN the latter part of the year 1860 Mr. Simon Collins, a well-known restorer of pictures, residing in London, went to Stratford-on-Avon, to remove the white paint which had been daubed over the bust of Shakespeare in the chancel of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in that town. After he had completed his work, the then Town Clerk, Mr. William Oakes Hunt, employed him to clean some old pictures in his possession.

In the upper portion of the latter gentleman's house Mr. Collins found an old portrait, in a dilapidated state, representing a man with a large black beard and moustache. The beard nearly covered the face, and was so arranged as to utterly disfigure the picture. Mr. Hunt stated that the picture had been in the possession of his family for more than a hundred years, and that his grandfather had purchased it at a sale at Clopton House. So little was it regarded that Mr. Hunt had used it for a target, at which to shoot arrows, when he was a boy.

Something about the appearance of the portrait, however, led Mr. Collins to believe that another picture was underneath the outer covering of paint; and he therefore commenced cleaning a portion of the face, when the beard, which almost entirely covered it, disappeared. He then tried the experiment of cleaning a part of the breast of the figure, and found underneath a black and red costume similar to that on the bust of Shakespeare in the chancel of the Holy Trinity Church. During this cleaning the Rev. Mr. Greville, then Vicar of Stratford, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Hunt, the owner of the picture, and other residents of the town, were present.

It was afterwards taken to London by Mr. Collins to complete the restoration. When this was completed, the picture was placed on exhibition in Mr. Collins' studio, and the following handbill was given to those who came to see it:

"PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

"A Portrait of Shakespeare, painted on canvas, three-quarter life-size, which has been

in the family of W. O. Hunt, Esq., Town Clerk of Stratford-on-Avon, for a century, has recently been put into the hands of Mr. Simon Collins, of 6, Somerset Street, Portman Square, London (now on a visit to Stratford), who, after removing the dirt, damp, and repaint by which it was obscured, has brought to light what he pronounces to be a genuine portrait of the Immortal Bard.

"The picture bears a remarkable resemblance to the bust in the Chancel of Stratford Church, according to the description given of it before it was painted white at the request of Mr. Malone in 1793, viz.: 'the eyes being of a light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn, the dress consisted of a scarlet doublet, over which was a loose black gown without sleeves.'

"It is important to observe that this is the only picture ever discovered which represents the Poet in this dress, and it calls to mind a remark made by Mr. Wheler, in his *History of Stratford-upon-Avon*, of the probability of a picture being in existence from which the monumental bust was taken; which suggestion Mr. Wivell in his *Inquiry into the History and Antiquities of the Shakespeare Portraits*, quotes, and appears to adopt.

"This picture came into the hands of the present owner (through his father) from his grandfather, William Hunt, Esq., to whom it probably passed, with some other old paintings, in the purchase of his house from the Clopton Family in 1758. The house had then been uninhabited for several years, since the death of its former owner and occupier, Edward Clopton (nephew of Sir Hugh Clopton), which took place in 1753."

When Mr. Collins had finished cleaning the picture, but before it was taken to London to be "restored," some photographs of it were taken by a Stratford photographer. Using one of these photographs, Mr. John Rabone, of Birmingham, had a large painting executed, of the same size as the original portrait. This copy is of great value, as it represents the original as it was immediately after Mr. Collins cleaned it, and before it had been retouched in the process of restoration. Mr. Rabone states that the latter process has caused much alteration in the original portrait. His copy agrees in all particulars with the photographs taken by the Stratford photographer immediately after the portrait was cleaned. In his copy the lines follow this first photograph exactly, and the expression of the face, as it originally was, is faithfully reproduced. The pose of the figure is now somewhat different, and the face has been altered.

When the picture was returned to Stratford,

after undergoing this "restoration," the members of the Birmingham Archæological Association went there to see it. In a lecture lately delivered in Birmingham, by Mr. Rabone, on the portraits of Shakespeare, he referred to this visit and said: "It was in the little theatre which then stood on the site of New Place, and beside it was placed a model of the bust in the church, in colors, just as it had been left from the cleaning. Mr. Collins, who was present, on being questioned about the picture, said he was not there to say what he had done to it, except that he had used every means of his art to make the picture as perfect and as near as was possible to what it was originally, and all he had to say was that the results were before them. It was in a very dilapidated condition, and he had done his best to restore it. A good deal of criticism took place. It was very evident that there was a great similarity between the painting and the bust. The colors were the same, and the creases and folds of the dress in the one exactly resembled those in the other, from which it was evident either that the painting had been copied from the bust, or the bust from the painting. It was pointed out that the painting contained numerous little life-like points which were altogether wanting in the bust, and therefore it was generally thought more probable that as the bust had been made by a mere 'tomb-maker,' as Gerard Johnson was, it would be unlikely those delicate little touches in the painting should be reproduced by him in the stone."

When the picture was first discovered it excited great interest, and much discussion took place as to whether it was the original picture from which the Stratford bust was made, or only a copy from the latter. For there is certainly a very strong resemblance between the two, and the costume of the one is exactly reproduced in the other. The curls of the hair, the arrangement of the beard, and the general coloring of the two also exactly correspond. Such resemblance shows that either the bust was made from the picture, or the picture from the bust, unless indeed both were made from life. That the bust was sculptured during Shakespeare's lifetime no one has suggested—on the contrary, the universal opinion is that it was made after his death, and many have thought from a death mask. The majority of writers have said that the Stratford portrait was painted long after the bust was made, and that the picture was copied from the bust. This I think is exceedingly probable—indeed almost certain, although not capable of actual proof. The portrait does not seem to be of sufficient age to warrant any other conclusion.

In 1769 Garrick inaugurated a "jubilee" at Stratford-on-Avon, during which there occurred processions of persons representing the characters of Shakespeare's plays, dramatic performances in a building erected for that purpose, and other observances. It was a great time for Stratford, and elaborate preparations were made by the townspeople, as well as by those who came from London. It is very probable that the Stratford portrait was painted from the bust in the church at this time, and afterwards preserved, either for its own merits, or as a relic of the jubilee.

But how can the strange condition in which it was found by Mr. Collins be accounted for? Who painted over the face with a full beard, and disguised the red and black costume of the figure? The high respectability of Mr. William Oakes Hunt and his father, in whose possession the portrait was for many years, forbids the idea of any deception from that quarter. It has been suggested that it was thus painted over in Puritanical times to preserve it, as it is well known many other portraits have been treated when players were unpopular. But the apparent modernness of the portrait renders this conjecture most improbable.

Mr. Charles Wright was a strong believer in the genuineness of this picture. *The Athenæum* of March 30th, 1861, contained an article criticising the portrait very severely, in which the writer stated it had "no merit of any kind, not even that of age; it is a modern daub, possibly a tavern sign, a 'Shakespeare's Head,' probably made up for some purpose connected with the jubilee." This criticism angered Mr. Wright, who wrote a letter to the *London Times*, dated April 2d, 1861. In this he takes the *Athenæum* writer to task. Subsequently he wrote two other letters to *The Times*, dated April 12th and April 22d, 1861, neither of which that journal published. He, therefore, printed them in pamphlet form, and also a longer pamphlet on the Stratford portrait, dated May 31st, 1861. In all of these he warmly advocates the claims of this portrait to be considered as an original one.

About this time Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps wrote: "It is very clear that either the bust was copied from the painting, or the painting from the bust; but having seen the picture, I cannot for a moment longer imagine that the former position can be ultimately established, and I fancy that it is one somewhat unlikely in itself to be correct, even were the painting of the requisite antiquity. I have little, if any, doubt that *this portrait was copied from the bust*, at the very earliest some time in the first half of the last century, but more

probably, as Mr. Dixon has suggested, about the time of the jubilee. As a memento of the last-named event, it is of interest and even of pecuniary value; but that interest and value will be absorbed in an estimation of another kind if an attempt be made to give it precedence of the bust. I can only say that Gertrude's son never so astonished his mother as the sight of this picture astonished me, when it put to flight an expectation to see what so many have desired to behold, yet have never seen."

Among the few favorable criticisms of this portrait was one contained in *The Examiner* of May 18th, 1861. That journal remarked concerning the similarity between the bust and the portrait, and said: "But nothing in the portrait suggests that it was copied from the bust. The lower part, of course, does not follow the manner of the statuary, and from that fact no conclusion can be drawn. But in the face lies the main evidence. The picture is of such small value as artist's work, that we hardly can credit the painter with the power he must have had of turning stone into life when he added expression in the play of feature to the corners of the mouth and achieved a successful transformation of the nose. Shakespeare has in the portrait a nose in good harmony with the rest of his face, not insignificant, as on the bust, and differing in outline, especially by a well-marked curve between the root and the tip that in a copyist from the bust would have been an error hardly probable. As a suggestion of the face of Shakespeare the portrait is to be preferred, and there is nothing stony in its look, nothing to discredit at first sight any belief that it may have been a copy from life by one who was a tolerably faithful, although not a first-rate, portrait-painter. The bust, as our readers know, was modelled some time after death, when use was to be made of all possible aids to memory."

The portrait is evidently not the work of an artist of much ability, and yet there are good points in it. The eyes are well done, and have a good expression. The picture represents Shakespeare as in the prime of life. The moustache is very small, and curled upwards, as in the bust. The tuft on the chin, also, corresponds to that on the bust. The costume is very similar.

Mr. Hunt was offered two thousand pounds for the picture by Mr. Jeremiah Matthews, of Birmingham, but he presented it to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon. It is preserved in the house on Henley Street, where the poet was born. It is there kept in a fire-proof case. The frame surrounding it is made from oak, taken from the house. Above the frame there is the following inscription on a brass plate:

"This portrait of Shakespeare, after being in the possession of Mr. William Oakes Hunt, Town Clerk of Stratford, and his family, for upwards of a century, was restored to its original condition by Mr. Simon Collins, of London, and being considered a portrait of much interest and value, was given by Mr. Hunt to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, to be placed and preserved in Shakespeare's house.—23d April, 1862."

There is painted on the case of the frame the following inscription: "This case was made from a portion of the waste wood which formed part of the old structure of Shakespeare's house."

Inside the iron doors of the fire-proof case in which the picture is kept, there are silver plates, bearing the familiar line from *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Fast bind, fast find, a proverb never stale in thrifty mind."

In March, 1861, Mr. Simon Collins published a large photograph of this picture which represents the portrait as entirely different in expression from its present condition. The negative has been much "touched up" and altered. Indeed it is not generally known how great a change in the expression of a face can be made in a photograph by this process. Dr. C. M. Ingleby was desirous of obtaining a photograph which correctly represented the Stratford portrait, and he went to a good deal of trouble to attain his object, only to meet with an utter failure. He took one of Mr. Collins' photographs, referred to above, which was painted upon by Mr. Collins, after the original picture, and then photographed again. The result was painted upon by Mr. Munns, of Birmingham, after the original, and then photographed by H. J. Whitlock. Dr. Ingleby then took the last-named photograph to Stratford-upon-Avon in October, 1872, and compared it with the original picture. He says that he was unable to discover the slightest resemblance between the two faces. And I do not wonder that he was not, for he sent me one of the photographs, and anything more unlike the original can hardly be imagined. The whole expression of the face has been changed by the repeated "touching up" that it has undergone, and it looks like another picture altogether.

The best photograph of the Stratford portrait is that published in Friswell's *Life Portraits of William Shakespeare*, although those in different copies of the book vary very much, having been printed from a number of negatives; and some of the latter have been more successfully "touched up" than others.

I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. John Rabone for two photographs of the Stratford portrait, such as are now sold in that town as correct delineations of the picture. One represents the picture and the frame, and the other is larger, and omits the frame. Both show the hair frizzed up in the most peculiar manner, utterly unlike the curling locks of the painting itself. This, of course, is the result of injudicious alteration of the negatives. The eyebrows are also lengthened, and a new background supplied, the lights and shadows altered, and many minor changes made. In frizzing the hair in these pictures it has been brought further forward, and the expression of the whole face thus altered. They were photographed by F. Bedford, and serve to show how unreliable photographs sometimes are, and yet being the result of a mechanical process many people think they must be accurate. The likenesses of our friends tell us, however, that this is not true.

VI. THE FELTON PORTRAIT.

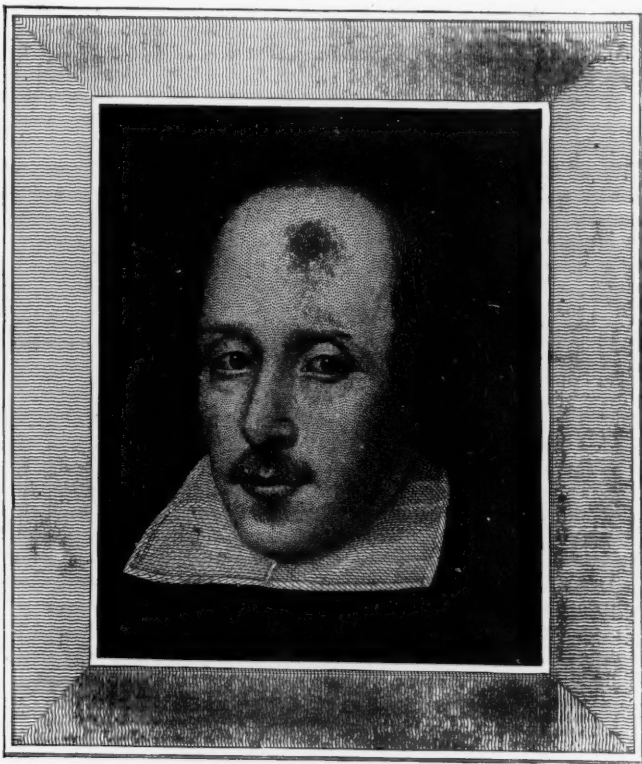
On August 9th, 1794, William Richardson, a print-seller, of Castle St., Leicester Square, London, informed George Steevens, the well-known Shakespearian editor and critic, that S. Felton, of Curzon Street, London, had in his possession an old portrait, which appeared to him to be similar to the Droeshout engraving in the folio editions of Shakespeare. Steevens took such great interest in everything relating to the great poet, whom he has done so much to illustrate, that he was naturally very anxious to see this portrait, and Mr. Richardson was allowed by Mr. Felton to bring it to Steevens and show it to him. Steevens was much struck with the resemblance between the portrait and Droeshout's plate, and believed, with many others, that it was the original picture from which Droeshout made his engraving. Steevens tells us that Droeshout "could follow the outlines of a face with tolerable accuracy, but usually left them as hard as if hewn out of a rock. Thus, in the present instance, he has servilely transferred the features of Shakespeare from the painting to the copper, omitting every trait of the mild and benevolent character which his portrait so decidedly affords."

It appears that Mr. Felton purchased this portrait, on May 31st, 1792, for five guineas, from J. Wilson, who had a museum in King Street, St. James Square. In the catalogue of "The fourth Exhibition and Sale by private Contract at the European Museum, King Street, St. James's Square, 1792" appears the following entry: "No. 359. A curious portrait of Shakespeare, painted in 1597."

If Mr. Wilson really believed that it was a genuine portrait of Shakespeare, painted by a contemporary of the poet's, in 1597, it was very singular that he should have been willing to part with it for the small sum of five guineas.

After its purchase by Mr. Felton, the latter desired to obtain some further information concerning its history, and applied to Mr. Wilson for details as to where he had obtained it. In reply Mr. Wilson wrote him as follows:

On August 11th, 1794, two years after this letter to Mr. Felton, Mr. Wilson told Steevens a very different story. The latter says that Wilson assured him "that this portrait was found between four and five years ago at a broker's shop in the Minories, by a man of fashion, whose name must be concealed; that it afterwards came (attended by the Eastcheap story, etc.) with a part of that gentleman's collection of paintings, to be sold at the European Museum, and was exhibited there for about three months, during which



THE FELTON PORTRAIT.

"To Mr. S. Felton, Drayton, Shropshire:

"SIR,—The Head of Shakespeare was purchased out of an old house, known by the sign of the Boar, in Eastcheap, London, where Shakespeare and his friends used to resort, and, report says, was painted by a Player of that time, but whose name I have not been able to learn.

"I am, Sir, with great regard,

"Your most obed't. servant,

"J. WILSON.

"Sept. 11, 1792."

time it was seen by Lord Leicester and Lord Oxford, who both allowed it to be a genuine picture of Shakespeare."

What peculiar qualifications these gentlemen possessed which enabled them to judge of the genuineness of this portrait is not stated, but Steevens takes occasion to remark that "it is natural to suppose that the mutilated state of it prevented either of their Lordships from becoming its purchaser." On the contrary, they allowed Mr. Wilson to buy it for a mere song—as he must have done to enable him to

sell it to Mr. Felton for five guineas! It would seem that if these gentlemen really believed it to be a genuine portrait of Shakespeare they would not have let it be so sacrificed; for the mutilated state of which Steevens speaks, consisted in its having had a portion of the panel of wood on which it is painted split off, and the picture cut down until the head and a portion of the ruff only remained. But the entire countenance is perfect and in good condition.

The portrait is painted on wood, as before stated, and the ground on which the colors have been laid is white. On the back of the panel there is the inscription in old-style writing: "Gul. Shakspear, 1597. R. B." The last letters were at first supposed to be "R. N.," but Abraham Wivell, (prior to 1827,) when oiling the back of the picture to preserve the wood, discovered that they were really "R. B." Wivell at once concluded that they stood for Richard Burbadge, the actor, who was Shakespeare's contemporary, and who is known to have had also some skill as a painter. The final "e" in "Shakspeare" has been lost in cutting off a portion of the wood on which the portrait is painted.

The size of this panel is eleven inches high, and a little over eight inches wide. Steevens, who was a great admirer of this portrait, and always believed it to be a genuine likeness of Shakespeare, did not think that it was the work of Burbadge, but Wivell disagreed with him. Malone, Boaden, and Friswell doubt its authenticity as a portrait of the poet.

The picture is well drawn and well colored. The expression is singularly calm and benevolent, and it has been much admired. It resembles the Droeshout engraving more than any other portrait, and by many has been believed to be a copy of it. On the other hand, Steevens thought that it was the original of that engraving. The forehead is much higher than in the Droeshout, and the expression somewhat different, but, as before stated, its resemblance is greater to that portrait than to any other.

Felton sold this picture (which still bears his name) to Mr. G. Nicol for forty guineas. A copy was made from it by Josiah Boydell for Steevens about this time, which remained in the latter's possession until his death. The original portrait was owned for a long time by Mr. Nicol, and he is said to have refused one hundred guineas for it, which was offered by Lord Ellesmere.

Subsequently it was in the possession of a Mr. Westmacott, a solicitor, living in London, who died in 1861 or 1862. On April 30th, 1870, it was offered for sale at public auction in London, and was bought in at fifty guineas.

It is not known in whose possession the picture now is.

In 1794, William Richardson, the print-seller above alluded to, issued "proposals" for the publication of two engraved plates of this portrait. These proposals are dated November 5th, 1794, and must either have been published before that, or else the date on the engravings is incorrect, for when the latter appeared they bore the date November 1st, 1794.

Both plates are five and three-quarter inches high and four and a half inches wide, exclusive of the margin. Plate 1 represents the picture as it actually is, showing how a portion of the hair and ruff have been split off with the board on which it is painted. The panel has also been cut off just under the ruff, leaving only a very small portion of the dress visible. In this engraving the portion of the hair and ruff cut off have been added in outline, and the figure below the shoulders, in the dress shown in the Droeshout engraving, also added.

Plate 2 gives the head exactly as in the former, but the portions of the missing hair and ruff are added and the dress given as in plate No. 1, but not in outline. Both plates are very well engraved by T. Trotter, and give perhaps the best representation of this picture that can be expected.

Steevens, as before stated, took the greatest interest in the Felton portrait, and wrote the preface to Richardson's "Proposals" for the publication of these plates. When they were finally published he presented his friend Mr. Chauvel with a pair, and wrote on the bottom of one of them "Mr. Chauvel" and on the other "Mr. Chauvel. G. S. Decr. 24." These two engravings are in the present writer's collection.

In 1796 Richardson again had this portrait engraved, this time by J. Godofroy. It is not nearly as good as Trotter's plate, and is a poor representation of the original.

When Isaac Reed's edition of Shakespeare was published, in 1803, there was prefixed to it an oval-shaped engraving of this portrait by J. Neagle (March 31st, 1803), which is fairly well done, but the expression is not as soft as in the original. Neagle changed the stiff ruff somewhat to make it look more like a linen collar and the costume that he has added is a plain black gown, entirely different from the Droeshout engraving.

The same year (1803) C. Warren engraved a smaller plate, also in an oval like the preceding one, and evidently copied from it. It is not as well done, however. It is dated May 1st, 1803, and was issued by the same publishers as the former (J. Johnson, etc.).

John Thurston made a drawing from this portrait which was engraved by Charles Warren (the engraver of the preceding plate), and published by James Wallis, July 22d, 1805. The head is turned the opposite way to the original, and the nose is very unlike the original.

I. Thomson engraved a plate apparently copied from the preceding one, as it has the same defect in the nose, and the head is also reversed. It has no name of any publisher nor any date.

A very curious engraving by W. T. Fry, published by Longman & Co., 1819, entirely misrepresents the original. The figure which the engraver has added is out of all proportion, and the face has a sleepy expression.

In 1822 Cosmo Armstrong engraved a small plate from this portrait in which the expression is very different from the painting.

In 1827 Wivell made an engraving of this picture for his work on the portrait of Shakespeare (*An Inquiry*, etc., 8vo. London: 1827), and had nearly completed it when it met with an accident which ruined the plate. He then employed J. Cochran to engrave

one in its stead, which was published in the work referred to. It is very well done, except that the ruff is out of place. The very high forehead of the original painting is well represented in this engraving, and the soft, mild expression of the eyes capitally rendered. It is surrounded by a neatly engraved border, and is a print sure to attract attention among a large collection of engravings of Shakespeare by its striking character.

This plate has been copied by H. Wright Smith for R. Grant White's *Shakespeare*, Vol. I, published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, in 1865. It also appeared in White's *Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare*, issued by the same publishers in 1866. Mr. Smith's plate is a most beautiful engraving, and I have never seen finer work; but he has made the forehead lower than in Cochran's plate and the painting, given a more animated expression to the eyes, and corrected Cochran's mistake about the ruff. It has the same border as the latter, and is one of the finest engravings of a portrait of Shakespeare in existence.

J. Parker Norris

SHAKESPEARE AS A FOREIGN LINGUIST.

THE foreign languages that Shakespeare knew, so far as we are able to gather from the evidence of his works, were Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian. There are traces of Greek, Irish (?), and Dutch or German, but they are so faint that one may say that, practically, Shakespeare knew nothing of these languages. His matchless creative genius as an artist of his own tongue contented itself with the supreme acquisition of English, and whatever it introduced from extraneous sources came in the way of embellishment, character-delineation, or suggestion.

Of single Latin words there are eighty-one or two in his works, beginning with *accommodo* in one of Shallow's speeches and ending with *vox* in *T.N.V.*, 304. *Love's Labour's Lost*, contains the majority of these or at least more than any other play of Shakespeare. Among them are Latin verbs, adjectives, pronouns, adverbs, interjections, nouns, and prepositions. Several, like *custalorum* (*custos rotulorum*) and *ratolorum*, are corruptions either of phrases or of individual words. Shakespeare shows a particular fondness for the argumentative *ergo* (used eight times), the legal *imprimis* (used four times), and the enumerative *item* (used seven times). Considering the extent of his works and the Latinized taste of the age, the poet was exceedingly sparing of his use of scraps of Latinity.

Of Latin phrases, sentences, and verses quoted by Shakespeare there are twenty-one, distributed among Ovid, Horace, Virgil, Terence, Ennius (in Cicero), Seneca, the Vulgate Version, B. Spagnolus Mantuanus, Holinshed, and one or two unknown authors. Ovid's *Amores*, *Heroides* and *Metamorphoses* are quoted from, the first and last once each, the *Heroides*, twice. The two quotations from Horace (*Tit.* IV, 2, 20, and *Tim.* I, 2, 28) are taken from *Epist.* I, 2, 62, and *Carm.* I, 22. The two quotations from Virgil (*II H.* 6. II, 1, 24, and *II H.* 6. IV, 1, 117) are taken from the *Æneid*, I, 15, and VII, 446. The single quotation from Terence (*Shr.* I, 1, 167) betrays a strong acquaintance with Lilly's *Grammar*, and comes from *Eunuch* I, 1, 30. The Vulgate quotation (*II H.* 6. II, 1, 53) is from St. Luke, IV, 23; *Medice, te ipsum*. Seneca's *Hippolytus*, II, 671, furnishes the one quotation from him (*Tit.* IV, 1, 82).

The popular and proverbial phrases in Shakespeare number twenty-two, and consist largely of such familiar expressions as *hic*

jacet, memento mori, sit pas aut nepas, per se, suum enigne, etc.; once or twice of the first words of hymns, such as *non nobis* and *te deum*. Some of these are humorous misapplications, blunders, or distortions, like Pistol's *semper idem*, and the gravedigger's *se offendendo*.

There are some eighteen Latin phrases in the plays which seem due to the fertility of the poet's wit or his memory; for they can be traced to no definite source. Such are *haud credo, lege domine, bona terra, mala gens*, and the like. They are mostly simple phrases such as any cultivated man of that day might readily manufacture. The oft-quoted *ego et rex meus* is one of these.

If Bacon had been the author of these plays, would he not have strewn them with innumerable Latinisms?

Teachers of French in English-speaking countries recognize with a smile the readiness of Shakespeare's wit in the reproduction of immemorial mispronunciation, *Oon garsoon, la-roone (larron), boon-iour, les ewes et terre*, are, we fear, no less familiar to our lecture-rooms of to-day, than they were to the poor devils of the *Merry Wives, As You Like It*, and *Henry V.*, nearly three hundred years ago.

There is enough French in Shakespeare to be the subject of serious and interesting study. The orthography and phonetic forms of his French sentences and expressions are extremely instructive. Though most of it is grossly and comically ungrammatical, it presents valuable problems, and is singularly like the French so familiar to bewildered tourists in their maiden tramps up and down the Parisian boulevards. Who, for example, has not heard our fluent collegians experimenting with the *concierge* in terms strangely like those used by Pistol in: *Comient appelle vous le main en Anglois?* absolutely guiltless of elisions, as in his *le ongles*, despairingly uncertain of prepositions, as in *le ongles, les appellons de Nayles*; delightfully confused about copulas and conjunctions, as in: *il est fort bon Anglois*; or innocent as an Arcadian of a knowledge of the difference between infinitive and participle in: *il faut que ie aprened a parler?* Pistol's French talk is a masterpiece of natural and congenital incompetency, and is full of vivid reminders of conversation-classes, *conferences*, and even Academic shades. It is in the line of direct descent from Chaucer's French of Stratford-atte-Bow, of paternity to the French that

would drive out Greek from our college curriculums, and of the brotherhood with the chambermaid French that Heine's *haute noblesse* of the Prussian court gibble-gabbled with their *bonnes*.

Shakespeare's French preserves the archaic spellings, *ouy*, *boy*, *ay*, *hony*, *lenvoy*, *Iaques*, *vostre*, *este*, *Anglois*, *doys*, *vistement*, *escoute*, *foy*, etc., such as we find them in the writings of Marot and Montaigne. No accents are used, as they are not usually found in the French of his contemporaries over the Channel. The French of the plays is found particularly in *Merry Wives*, *L. L. L.*, *As You like It*, *All's Well*, *H. 5*, *H. 6*.

Next in the order of importance and frequency is Italian. Italian and Latin proper names are naturally very numerous in plays dealing with Roman and Italian life. Apart from these, however, there is, on the Italian side, a considerable use of words derived from the speech of the people of Italy. There are fourteen or fifteen of these imbedded in the text of the *Merry Wives*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Troilus*, *All's Well*, *The Merchant*, and the Henry plays, among them such common expressions as *via* (an 'adverb of encouragement'), *basta*, *coragio*, *capriccio*, and the like. Where Shakespeare picked up his Italian we cannot tell, except that a knowledge of it was exceedingly widespread among the courtiers and writers of the day, headed by the great Tudor sisters. The form of it as found in the plays is very corrupt and requires some ingenuity to re-fashion and modernize. Shakespeare or his reporter was evidently filled with the idea that Italian was surprisingly like

Latin or French, for we find his use of that tongue flavored with more than a spice of both these kindred languages. The attitude of his mind towards it was the attitude of the inimitable Pistol, whose medley of Italian and French in his celebrated motto (*si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente*) shows the slipshod ease of the day in passing from one form of foreign jargon to another.

The Spanish of the plays is confined to a few words or phrases either introduced in an intentionally corrupt form, as blunders (cf. Pistol's *labras* for *labios* and Sly's *paucas palabris* for *poas palabras*), or as manufactured by one of the characters (cf. Sir Toby's *Castiliano vulgo*); in one case it is found, for one reason or another, hopelessly corrupt (cf. the puzzling *Pue per doleera kee per forsa*.—*Pericles*, II, 2, 27).

The little Latin and less Greek attributed to the immortal bard are confined, in the latter case, to the two words, *misanthropos* in *Timon*, IV, 3, 53, and *threnos* as a superscription in *Pilgr.*, 53, though we may be sure that his wonderful dukes and misanthropes talked Greek not less purely than the heroes of Boccaccio or the lovers in the Tales of the great Geoffrey.

The single reference to Dutch is found in the word *lustique* for *lustig* in *All's Well*, II, 3, 46; and as for Irish, there is no trace of it, except in the imaginations of Malone and Boswell, who, in the *qualtitie calmie custure me* of the French prisoner (*H. 5*, IV, 4, 4) think they find an echo from an Irish song, *Calen O custure me: Little girl of my heart forever and ever*.

James A. Harrison.

ARIEL.

SHAKESPEARE transformed or draped so effectively whatever he sent forth as his, that when once introduced to the creatures of his fancy you cannot be indifferent, whatever else you may be. As a snake fascinates a bird, so do his incarnations of evil, though they are loathed. His heroes and heroines are not of dazzling gold or glittering ice. They are of flesh and blood, like yourself, and you resolve, looking in upon his miniature world and out upon the actual world, feeling, as you do, that you also are capable of their nobility of life—that you will be like them.

Even his little elfin creatures entrance as beautiful personifications of ideals.

But perhaps the true art of the king of dramatists proves itself in no way more than in this—the more attentively you consider his pieces, the more you question whether what you took at first to be lightly touched sketches are not, after all, highly finished studies.

Ariel, in the *Tempest*, is a good instance of this. At the first glance, a most unsubstantial, transparent, inconsequential character—as a fairy's should seem to men; the more you examine it, the more worthy of examination it appears and the more it rewards your attention. One wonders how Prospero ever did manage to think of making "the pine gape" and let out this prisoned sprite. He is not such an one that a Duke of Milan would have been likely to know—no dryad or naiad of classic lands. But it is useless to query how an Italian could learn the ways of a British brownie. It is more to the purpose to understand that if Ariel is coined out of the same metal as the fairy folk of Old England, passing through the mint of the poet's conception, that metal has come out many times more precious for the stamped impress of his personality. Nor is Ariel merely a familiar elfie taken from the gay circle, dancing up and down a flower-carpeted meadow on midsummer-eve.

Prospero calls him his "dainty" spirit—and it is a dainty form that flits before you in the mind's eye as you conjure him up. There is something about him delicate as the first tints of pale pink on a still May morning. His song is volatile and airy, like himself; it has the quick flash of a humming-bird. You see the little tuft of feathers flame into the honeyed petals and quiver there, as he sings:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry."

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His very first little madrigal—

"Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands—
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves' whist;
Foot it fealty here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear"—

light, quaint, and gleeful—just suits the bright, dimple-cheeked boy he is, with sparkling eyes that are brimful of laughter.

Some one has called him a "featureless angel," and the soubriquet has gone the rounds. But is it a happy one? Surely Ariel is not a featureless cherub. Nay, his very eye speaks volumes; its dark brow arches finely, for it is second nature with him to recognize loveliness. Its long lashes can tremble and press down on a starting tear, for he knows how to pity. Itself flashes fire out of its dark depths—"deep as the ocean and as unfathomable." There you can at least see force and decision combined with frankness and fidelity. His is an insatiable love of freedom; yet he will be true as steel to his master so long as he has one. Dark-brown hair comes tumbling in billowy waves over a forehead where quick, sympathetic perception and wonderful intelligence appear. The cheeks are ruddy with the flush of a health that makes mere being a luxury, and they draw to a smile about the shapely mouth—for shapely the lips must be, speaking musically, as they do, whenever they open.

This sprite is neither unsubstantial—like the "baseless fabric" of Prospero's vision—nor frail.

Frail? He is power itself!

Do we speak of speed? Can anything outdo this—

"I drink the air before me and return,
Or ere your pulse twice beat"?

Or this—

"Before you can say, 'Come' and 'Go,'
And breathe twice, and cry 'So, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow"?

Sometimes you rather feel him than see him. You see his work before you see himself—just as the passing of a bird is sometimes known by its quick shadow on the grass.

As for power to do—in execution of his master's will is he not irresistible, whether he raises a storm, or imprisons confused men; whether, like a Harpy, he terrifies; whether his weird music leads happily, or lures into woful plight; whether he frustrates treachery, or does only the exact behests?

He seems to know no obstacle when he undertakes anything. He will outdo the command at times. Prospero, for instance, requires the sailors' presence. Not only does he bring them, but does more. The boatswain tells the story in phrases that smell of the sea :

"The best news is, that we have safely found
Our King and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.

* * * * *

We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our master
Capering to eye her; on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping hither."

Trinculo was therefore surely drunk when he insinuated that the music arose from one who was the "picture of nobody."

However, on the other hand, Ariel is no mere amalgam of colorless intellect and passionless force. Glimpses of a moral nature mark him out, as some one has well said, for a "right Christian sort of sprite."

How different his disposition from Robin Goodfellow's, who does mischief for the fun of it! Oberon would not call Prospero's familiar a "mad spirit." If he perplexes others, it is because he has no choice. There is not the same keen relish about his pranks as there may be seen in Puck's droll gambols. True, his "Thou liest" gets for that clown of a Trinculo a good beating; true, he lets loose the dogs at the heels of the motley conspirators; true, he "boards the King's ship" and flames amazement, till

"Not a soul
But feels a fever of the mad and plays
Some tricks of desperation," and "all but mariners
Plunge in the foaming brine and quit the vessel."

True, he confines the King's party "in the lime-grove, which weather fends the cell," and distraction seizes even worthy Gonzalo. Yet there is no heartiness, no gusto, in the doing of it, as though it were all enjoyed.

On the other hand, his gentle rebuff of Prospero, that his pity would be stirred if he were human, exquisitely sets off the tender material of his heart, incapable of harboring revenge.

Besides, Ariel appears a notably affectionate little creature. The pretty, playful

appeal, "Do you love me, master? No?" What a kittenish begging for just one caress before work it is! And how eagerly is thrown in the solicitous query, "Was't well done?" as though approval is essential to his happiness, and happiness as essential to him as the air he breathes.

That he panted for freedom ought not to have displeased his master. A poor sort of a creature only is content to be in slavery. Yet so long have Prospero and he been together, and so well do they understand each other, one feels Ariel will "miss" his kind master, when they must part company, scarcely less than he will be missed himself.

We can have little sympathy with the harsh reprimand, "How now? Moody?" If Prospero had thought twice before speaking once, or if his own overpowering purpose had not usurped and placed itself upon the throne of his mind, he would have been ashamed of such quick words to the little attendant, who had "done him worthy service, told him no lies, made no mistakes, serv'd without grudge or grumblings."

Now, what is he?

An attempt to analyze the ideals of the *Tempest* is a difficult task, and not the least difficult character to understand is this very one. One interpretation, and perhaps it is the current one, considers Ariel the personification of absolute will and limitless ability to execute that will. But can we subscribe to this? How could absolute will be held a prisoner, even by a Prospero? And supposing it possible, why must he set free this Ariel before his return to Milan? Would not these very qualities which the sprite is supposed to symbolize be prime requisites to successful statcraft?

Rather, between the lines of the fairy's utterances, let us read the impression the poet received from his study of that Nature whose manifestation is "the art of God."

Ariel is the personification of the spirit of life in the world of Nature, as that spirit speaks to human consciousness powerfully, yet lightly, airily, cheerfully, with subtlest sympathy for a man's best and noblest moods.

To slightly alter and then apply words of Whitman—"The spirit of Nature! What a subject for a poem! Indeed, where else a more pregnant, more splendid one? Where one more idealistic—real, more subtle, more sensuous—delicate? Answering all lands, all ages, peoples; touching all senses, here, immediate, now—and yet so indescribably far off—such retrospect! Always the same Nature—old, how incalculably old! And yet here the same—ours yet, fresh as a rose, to every life, to-day—and always will be!"

FLEMING.

Contributors' Table.

PISTOL: A SILHOUETTE.

SIR, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal.
Falstaff. Dost thou hear? It is mine ancient.

It has always seemed to me that the so-called minor characters of Shakespeare have been overlooked by the zealous commentators of our poet, and among those scantily treated by the professional critic, "mine ancient" holds a prominent place. The real or feigned madness of Hamlet, the trial of Shylock, the character of Lady Macbeth, the judgment of Lear, and Portia's knowledge of the civil law, have been treated, discussed, illuminated, and analyzed until a cloud of confusion hangs around and overarches them; while "mine ancient" has only been noticed *en passant*. It is true that many of Pistol's speeches, and favorite turns of expression are used as tags on political subjects, but the unique character of this warrior of the fighting times of Henry the Fourth and Fifth, has been partly obscured by the gigantic proportions of his neighbors. And yet it must be conceded that the creation is so true to nature, that to-day—centuries after the original Pistol uttered his amusing rhodomontade—we are surrounded by vigorous and energetic members of the Pistol family. It is probably an instance of the survival of the fittest—or the meanest—according to one's standpoint.

"Mine ancient" was evidently of gentle birth and breeding, and tolerably well educated, when you consider the scholarship of his period. He is always throwing off a phrase or proverb in Italian, Spanish, and Latin, and manifests his delicate nurture and "gentle" birth by his horror of leeks—onions—and his scorn for the "slave who pays." This very maxim of "base is the slave who pays" would give him a high position even in modern society.

His most characteristic trait was his gift of speech. Pistol was a born declaimer and orator. His whole career is a series of warlike harangues; and the gist of his life is not what he did, but what he said and how he said it. This predominating trait had very likely distinguished him at school, and probably his favorite quotation of

"Si fortuna me tormenta, sperata me contenta"

was the badly remembered thesis of his valedictory. The boy in Henry V limned him accurately when he said of Pistol:

"He hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword."

This is true. His real weapon was his tongue; his sword—to quote his own happy imagery—was simply the instrument with which he intended to open his oyster, the world. So that I feel quite confident that he was a natural orator. Notice, for instance, his flights of rhetoric and his original power of alliteration. Mark this.

"Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!"

Why, this is worthy of Swinburne or Victor Hugo! And again:

"O base Hungarian wight, wilt thou the spigot
wield?" * * * "Viper vile" * * *
"A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys!"

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And especially the rhapsodical climax, when his heart is "fired" with his regal message, and, rising to the occasion, he cries:

"Under which King, Bezonian? speak or die!"

If these be not scintillations of natural oratory, what are they? It is true that Falstaff, after hearing one of Pistol's rhapsodies, indignantly exclaimed:

"If he do nothing, but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here."

But then it must be remembered that to "speak nothing" is also an art of the orator.

Pistol's first appearance seems to occur in the *Merry Wives*; at least that is probably the safer guess. He is one of the followers of Sir John Falstaff, and like his chief, is living upon his wits. He is young, audacious, vigorous, and witty. In fact, he is full of quips, and many of his repartees outshine and astonish his master. When Sir John boastfully describes how the eyes of pretty Mrs. Page devoured him, and how her glance fondly hung upon and gilded his portly person, our hero insultingly retorts:

"Then did the sun on dunghill shine."

The fat Knight stands several of these ungenerous "girds" quite unconcerned, but when ingratitude is added, his ire is fairly aroused, and then he describes Pistol as graphically as Carlyle could have done had he seen "mine ancient" in the flesh.

"Your cat-a-mountain looks," roars Falstaff, and your "red lattice phrases." This is delicious, no happier phrase was ever invented to label this sort of bombast than "red lattice phrases." Pistol's whole career may be divided into three acts; commencing in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, continuing in *Henry IV*, and ending in *Henry V*. His climax and fall was reached in the last-named play. In the fighting times of Bolingbroke—now Henry IV—Sir John Falstaff bears a commission from his Majesty, and in accordance with his fealty to the King, follows the latter to the battle-field. Pistol, whose ingratitude and quips have been forgiven, is now his second officer:

"Dost thou hear? It is mine ancient!"

And in passing from the comedy to the history, we are struck with the change in our hero's character, and how the reflex of the red light of battle appears in his eyes, voice, and speech. Pistol is now a soldier, and his tongue has gained in ferocity, even if his sword has become quieter and more peaceable. He is a firebrand, and his entrance is the signal for uproarious fun. Witness his debut at the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap, where the Knight is enjoying his ease at his inn. The announcement of his name produces a panic among the select guests, and when he appears in person the row begins.

Poor Mistress Doll knew him at sight and evidently identified him as the worthy who had practiced the maxim, "Base is the slave who pays." She cannot endure the cutpurse rascal, and hysterically shrieks at and denounces him; and even the hostess, Dame Quickly, is so alarmed at his martial and Medusa aspect, that she pathetically asks:—"—feel, masters, how I shake!" "Quoit

him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling," bawls Sir John, bewildered at the cackling noise. But Pistol is in his element, and he can neither be bawled nor bowled down. Thoroughly self-possessed amid the din which his presence has aroused, he draws his sword and declaims:

"Shall pack-horses
And hollow-pampered jades of Asia,
Compare with Caesars and with Cannibals
And Trojan Greeks? * * * *
Die men like dogs: give crowns like pins!
Have we not Hiren here?"

Is not the military oratory here delicious? We almost regret that Sir John cut it short by seizing his rapier and driving "mine ancient" down-stairs. But probably the scene which displays the natural eloquence of Pistol's speech to the greatest advantage is where he brings the glad tidings that Prince Hal is now the King to Sir John Falstaff.

He commences in a low key:

"Sweet Knight, thou art now one of the greatest men of the realm."

He flashes out when told to speak like a man of the world:

"A fouter for the world and worldlings base."

His voice swells out like a trumpet at Falstaff's unsympathetic and mocking tone, and trembling with passion it asks:

"Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then Pistol lay thy head in Furies' lap,"

and finally reaches the climax in the ringing words:

"Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die."

This whole scene can be specially recommended to the study of any young and ambitious orator! But where there are so many admirable points one can only stop to note a few of them.

When the newly crowned King crushes his master and destroys his (Pistol's) vision of perennial and unchecked stealing, he consoles himself with his college thesis:

"*Si fortuna me tormenta spero me contenta*,"

and this closes the second act of his role or drama. In *Henry V* Pistol reaches the apex of his earthly fortune. He has become the central figure of the famous group of adventurers of whom Falstaff was the radiating centre, but who is now, alas! as Dame Quickly pathetically puts it, in bed "shaked with a burning quotidian tertian." He has subdued (with his tongue, no doubt) the hostess, Dame Quickly, who once dreaded him for a swaggerer, cut out of her affections his companion in rascality, Corporal Nym, married her, and is now mine host Pistol of the house in Eastcheap. But neither fortune nor misfortune can abate a jot of the fiery fierceness or tame the glittering splendors of his tongue and speech, for always he is Pistol. Witness the following:

Bardolph. How now, mine host Pistol?
Pistol. Base Tyke, call'st thou me host?
Now by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term,
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

As usual, a tornado of words arises, oaths fill the air, swords are drawn, the jealous Nym and the angry Bardolph fly to arms, and before murder com-

mences the voice of Pistol soars above the din and roar and cries in choice alliterative expressions:

"The grave doth gape, and doting death is near,
Therefore exhale! * * * *
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?"

No blood is shed, however, and the hurricane ceases as unexpectedly as it commenced. Then fate gives the first indication of coming disaster. Falstaff is very ill, or, as Pistol puts it, "His heart is fracted and corroborate!" And this episode brings out the tender side of Pistol's character. Falstaff, the leader of these adventurous youths, the *bon vivant*, the wit, the captain, whose resources for finding plunder never failed, the quondam friend of princes and match for the Lord Chief Justice himself, dies, and pays the tribute like an ordinary mortal. The absence of the chief is felt as an universal misfortune; even Pistol's heart is touched with gloom.

Quickly. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pistol. No: for my manly heart doth yearn;
Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaulting veins;
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff, he is dead
And we must yearn therefore.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and this is true even of Pistol. But now for the catastrophe—for the denouement.

The summit of the cliff where Pistol now stands looks over an abyss, and it is only a few steps to the edge of that precipice, and our hero makes that short journey with his wonted confidence. Like the King in the Greek tragedy, he persists in opening the door and letting in the fury that will destroy him. On the battlefield of Agincourt, where he is plundering the wounded and helpless, destiny in the shape of a Welshman wearing a leek in his helmet is striding toward him. Fate gives him another warning. In his choice oratorical declamatory manner, he announces to the world and posterity:

"And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

has run down Bardolph and his rival, Nym, and the former is to be hanged for stealing a *pix*—"pix of little price."

Pistol's tongue, as usual, is the ready conductor of the lightning from the approaching cloud, which is moving toward him in the contemptible form of the Welshman Fluellen with a cudgel. The fatal words were soon out:

"Tell him [Fluellen] I'll knock his leek about his pate
On Saint David's day!"

And as illustrating the maxim that those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad, Pistol takes bread and salt to Fluellen and bids him contemptuously to eat his leek! This was the hair that broke the camel's back. Fluellen, justly incensed at this scorn for an "honorable tradition," determines that the leek shall be eaten, and that Pistol shall eat it, in the broad light of day and in sight of the army.

"What?" roars Pistol, drawing his sword and posturing in his old terror-striking attitude of fury—

"Dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek!"

and as the Welshman still advances, he shouts:

"Not for Carlwallader and all his goats!"

Then the quiet voice of the avenger replies :

"If you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek,"

and eat it you shall ; and he beats him with his cudgel, and Pistol, forgetting for once his faculty of alliteration, his "red lattice phrases," his valiant oaths, and flights of rhetoric, groans with his mouth full of the hated leek :

"Quiet thy cudgel ; thou dost see I eat !"

but he afterward adds in a melo-dramatic undertone, with his eyes rolling about like gooseberries in a saucer,

"All hell shall stir for this !"

And then exit Pistol to lower levels and sharper pains, followed by the ever-increasing laughter of the centuries. One word more. The Pistol family still survive. They were in the late war, on both sides ; for the modern like the ancient Pistol is a soldier in time of peace and a citizen or sutler in time of war. Four or five centuries have produced changes in the Pistol family, and externally they no more resemble "mine ancient" than the Pullman palace car resembles the cart or conveyance of those days. Internally, however, the likeness remains. The modern Pistol is a politician, lawyer, lecturer, and even a preacher. At the bar he is quite a success. When he represents an incorporated octopus, or an unusually artistic murderer, judge, jury, and witness are made to feel the lightning of his eye, the scratch of his "red lattice" phrases, and the eloquent prod of his forefinger. But the most awful phenomenon of modern times is Pistol as editor of a daily newspaper. Space forbids further treatment of this prolific subject. There is only one thing to be regretted, that the leek scene—the club and the leek—the denouement of the ancient—is so often omitted in the life of the modern Pistol.

HENRY HOOPER.

CURIOSITIES OF SHAKESPEARE EDITING.

It has sometimes appeared to me that a nice little volume of rather choice fun might be made up out of curious comments and explanations and paraphrases of words and passages in Shakespeare. These are met with in various shapes or characters, now of learned oddity or paradox, now of ingenious blundering or elaborate obfuscation, now of sheer oversight or stark paralogism. I shall not undertake to point out more than two or three instances. The first is on a word in *Antony and Cleopatra*, II, iii, in the dialogue between Antony and the Soothsayer :

Ant. Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you hither.

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my *motion*, have it not in my tongue."

Here Warburton explains *motion* as "the divinatorial agitation." This, I suppose, must mean inspired forecast or presentiment. But what a strange word *motion* is to express such an idea! And the word occurs nowhere else in that sense. The old text is doubtless corrupt, *motion* being a misprint for *notion*, which is repeatedly used by the poet for *mind* or *understanding*. Theobald saw this clearly, and was assuredly right in printing *notion*. So that "in my notion" is

just equivalent to Hamlet's "in my mind's eye." But Warburton preferred his own learned ingenuity to Theobald's sagacious common sense.

My next instance is in the "Harvard" edition, vol. XX, page 33, where the editor prints :

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave ;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified ;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler, grave."

And he explains,—"*Grave* is here a verb, meaning to bury or be the death of." This is absurd enough, and probably came through oversight, or perhaps from a lurking desire to do something out of the common way. Of course, the comma after *fouler* is wrong, and, that away, no explanation is needed. The blunder, however, is corrected, I see, in the latest impression, 1883.

The last which I shall cite, and which seems to me the funniest of the three, is by another contemporary editor. It is on a passage in *All's Well that Ends Well*, I, iii :

"By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none."

Here, also, the old text is no doubt corrupt, though it may be uncertain where the corruption lies. Hammer substituted *though* for *or*, and has been followed by some editors ; others make different corrections. But the learned contemporary seems to be perfectly satisfied with the old text, and explains it as follows : "Such were *our* faults—or, rather, we thought them no faults then ; or, such were our faults—or what then we thought no faults, whatever we may call them now." This, surely, is almost as good as Bardolph's explanation of *accommodate* in the Second Part of *King Henry IV* : III, ii : "Accommodated ; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated ; or when a man is—being—whereby 'a may be thought to be accommodated ; which is an excellent thing." SENEX.

MANCHESTER, ENG., February 12th, 1884.

To the Editor of SHAKESPEARIANA :

DEAR SIR :—Your correspondent, James Grant Wilson, must surely have misunderstood the burial register of Shakespeare's wife. Mrs. Shakespeare, who would be a well-known personage in the town, was buried two days after her death and on the *same day*—August 8th, 1623—Anna the wife of Richard James.

No clergyman in that or any age would have registered her interment in the way it stands if she had been the wife of Richard James. Close to the marble wall of Stratford Church is the following inscription on a brass plate over her grave : "Here lyeth interred the body of Anne, wife of William Shakespeare, who departed this life the 6 day of Avgv 1623 being of the age of 67 years." This is followed by a verse in Latin—probably the composition of Dr. Hall, and a tribute to her memory by her daughter, Elizabeth Hall.

These scrupulous Puritans would hardly have been guilty of representing her as the wife of William Shakespeare if she had died the wife of Richard James—who Richard James was it would puzzle the antiquaries to discover. Probably he was a Stratford "peasant," to use Mr. J. G. Wilson's descriptive term, which he applies to the Poet with about as much correctness as Mrs. Shakespeare can be said to have been the wife of Richard James.

F. V. PERKINS.

Notes and Queries.

[Correspondents and Contributors in quoting from Shakespeare's plays, should cite not only the acts and scenes but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should, in all cases, follow the Globe edition.]

(24.) MESSRS. EDITORS:—On that crucial passage in *Winter's Tale*, beginning

"Affection, thy intention stabs the centre!" (I, ii, 138),

I notice that Grant White, in his new edition, does not favor his readers with a single syllable of explanation. Can it be that his "washerwoman"—"of headpiece extraordinary"—has taken this passage into her "understanding pate"? If so, and she will condescend to "discuss" its meaning to the "lower messes," she will confer a lasting obligation and set at rest the mind of many a perplexed and puzzled student. But the editor not only leaves the sentence noteless: he introduces a new word, *invention*, in the place of "intention." This seems to me only to make obscurity doubly obscure, and I am disposed to believe it is a typographical error. With the old text it is just possible to get some idea of the poet's meaning (see my explanation, as given in the "Harvard" and Mr. Rolfe's editions), but as Mr. White now reads, I am utterly at a loss to extract any sense whatever. Does any reader of SHAKESPEARIANA know whether Mr. White means "invention" for a *bona fide* emendation? and, if so, what interpretation it bears here?

JOSEPH CROSBY.

(25.) ON SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF THE POSSESSIVE.

AMONG the minutiae of Shakespearian verbal criticism there is one little idiom which, I am disposed to think, it will interest the younger readers of SHAKESPEARIANA to see noticed, as it is one that requires careful watching, a misconception of it not only creating misunderstanding and obscurity, but giving occasion to unnecessary alteration of the text. I refer to a peculiar usage of the possessive, to which the poet often gives a subjective, where we should now have an objective, construction, and *vice versa*. In a majority of these cases the context will keep the reader on the right track, but not always. Examples are the best way of illustrating this, and so, opening the works almost at random, we read in *The Tempest* (V, i, 9), Ariel speaking to Prospero:

"* * * * all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release."

"Till *your release*" would ordinarily signify until *you are released*; but the context plainly shows that Ariel means, They cannot budge until *you release them*. Turning on to *Henry V* (I, ii, 18), where Henry is addressing Canterbury, he says:

"For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to."

Here a King is speaking to an Archbishop, and we would naturally take the words, "your reverence," simply for the title he gives him, like "your worship" or "your highness." But a much finer sense—and, undoubtedly, the right sense, though I do not remem-

ber to have seen it pointed out by any commentator—is obtained by giving to "your" this subjective construction: Consider the weight that *our reverence for you* gives to your advice.

In Wolsey's celebrated speech in *Henry VIII* (III, ii, 368),

"There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have,"—

it is not the ruin of the princes that he speaks of, but the ruin of the men who fall under their wrath or displeasure.

In the same play (III, ii, 260)—

"You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succor, from the King, from all," etc.—

"his succor" means, Far from where I could give *succor to him*.

In *Richard III* (IV, i, 25)—

"Then bring me to their sights,"—

to the *sight of them*; and—

"This, this All-Souls' Day to my fearful soul
Is the determined respite of my wrongs" (V, i, 18)—

the wrongs that I have committed.

In *Troil. and Cres.* (I, iii, 373)—

"Why, then, we did our main opinion crush,"

is the high estimation *held of us*.

In *Hamlet* (I, iii, 122), where Laertes bids his sister

"Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley,"—

"your entreatments" are not those of Ophelia, but the entreaties of her suitors *to her* to grant them an interview.

In *Coriolanus* (III, i, 120)—

"They know the corn was not our recompense,"—

the meaning is, They know the corn was not given by us as a recompense *to them*.

Examples of this elliptical usage of the possessive pronoun might easily be multiplied; but, as I before remarked, the context sufficiently indicates the correct sense. Occasionally, however, there occur instances where it is so obscure as to cause misunderstanding, and I will proceed to notice three or four such passages. In that superb soliloquy of the King in *Henry V* (IV, i, 258), in his apostrophe to "Ceremony," he says:

"What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? What are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?"

So the last line stands in the "Globe," with an *obelus* prefixed to show that it is supposed to be cor-

rupt, and so it stands, with the exception of spelling and punctuation, in the First Folio. It is one of the lines that have made the editors rage and the commentators imagine a vain thing. By way of curiosity I will tabulate the most important of the readings that have been made or proposed in this single line:

- What? is thy Soule of Odoration?—*F. 1.*
 What? is thy Soule of Adoration?—*F. 2.* (Soul, *F. 3, F. 4.*)
 What! is thy soul of adoration?—*Rowe.*
 What is thy toll, O adoration?—*Theobald* (*Warburton.*)
 What is thy shew of adoration?—*Hanmer.*
 What is thy soul, O adoration?—*Johnson.*
 What is this coyl of adoration?—*Heath.*
 What is thy roul of adoration?—*Capell.*
 What is the soul of adoration?—*Malone.*
 What is thy soulless adoration?—*Lettson.*
 What is thy soul but adulation?—*Collier.*
 What is thy source of adoration?—*Keightley.*
 What is thy rule of operation?—*Bullock.*

What a waste of ingenuity is here recorded! and what a spilth of ink there has been in the long, scholarly notes of each conjecturer, advocating his own emendation! The line, as it reads in the Globe—and, in effect, in the Folio—is, I believe, pure Shakespeare, and one of the most instructive in the poet. Let us analyze it, and we see that it is an example of three points in Shakespeare's style: (1) The last word is lengthened into five syllables to fill the metre—adoration. (2) It is a common idiom in Shakespeare to connect two nouns by "of," which are regarded as one, or as a noun and qualifying adjective, and in such cases the pronoun is placed before the whole compound noun, instead of, as it strictly should be, before the second of the two nouns, *cf.*—

"His means of death, his obscure funeral" (*Ham. IV, v, 213*)—

i. e., the means of his death.

"What is your cause of distemper?" (*Ham. III, ii, 350*);
 "Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason" (*Ham. I, iv, 72*)—

i. e., which might take away the controlling principle of your reason.

"Your reproof were well deserv'd of rashness" (*A. and C., II, ii, 124*)—

i. e., the reproof of your rashness would be well deserved.

"My pith of business" (*M. for M., I, iv, 70*);
 "My everlasting doom of banishment" (*T. A., III, i, 51*);
 "My better part of man" (*Macb., V, vii, 18*);
 "Thy ministers of chastisement" (*Rich. III, V, iii, 113*);
 "This cause of Rome" (*T. A., I, i, 32*),

which does not mean, *this* cause as distinguished from other causes of Rome, but, "this, the Roman cause."

In the line in question, "What is thy soul of adoration?" by this idiom—What is thy adoration's soul? or, which is the same thing—What is the soul of thy adoration? Then (3), giving to "thy" the subjective or elliptical construction we are referring to: "Thy adoration,"—the adoration that we give to thee; and thus the sense of the line becomes clear: "What is the soul, the essence, the worth, of the adoration that is paid to thee, O ceremony?" Need anything be simpler than this construction and explanation?

Again, in that touching passage in *King Lear* (*IV, vii, 26*), where Cordelia is waiting with smiles and

tears for her "child-changed" father to awake, she kisses him and says:

"Restoration, hang thy medicine on my lips."

As it is thus commonly pointed, her speech would seem to be an apostrophe to Restoration personified. But an infinitely finer meaning is obtained by making it an address to her father, which is done by deleting the comma after "Restoration," thus making it the subject of "hang," and giving to "thy medicine" its subjective construction, viz.: The medicine to cure thee; so that the interpretation is: "Let restoration hang on my lips the medicine to heal thee, O my father!"

The scene in *Hamlet* at the beginning of the Third Act, where Rosencrantz and Guildenstern report to the King and Queen their interview with the Prince, has been a stumbling-block to many editors from a misapprehension of this idiom:

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands, most free in his reply.

And yet, just before, we read:

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;

But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
 But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
 When we would bring him on to some confession of his true state.

As the young men could have no motive to misrepresent Hamlet's reception, the passage does seem to be corrupt, and Warburton and others transposed the words so as to read: "Most free of question; but, of our demands, niggard in his reply." But let us examine the terms a little. First, we know that Shakespeare frequently uses "of" in the sense of "with respect to," "as regards," *cf.*—

"Of his own body he was ill, and gave the clergy ill example" (*Hen. VIII, IV, ii, 43*);

"That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant" (*W. T., III, ii, 187*)—

i. e., "as regards a fool," "in the matter of folly." So we have—"A valiant man of his hands," "swift of foot," "ready of wit," etc.

"Niggard of question," then, may well mean—"Shy with regard to question or being questioned." Next, giving to "our" its subjective construction: "Of our demands" is equivalent to "concerning his demands of us," and so the sentence—"Sparing of speech with respect to being questioned or examined; but most free, on the other hand, regarding the questions he put to us of ourselves." This tallies exactly with the facts of the case; it relieves the young men of the charge of useless prevarication; it makes no change in the old text, nor any undue or unusual straining in its exegesis.

One more illustration, and I will stop for the present. In *Ant. and Cleo.* (*I, ii, 114*), Antony, speaking of the moral benefit to character and reformation of having our faults plainly laid before us, says:

"O, then we bring forth weeds,
 When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us
 Is as our earing."

Not perceiving that "our quick winds" is a phrase that, as Holofernes would say, "is liable, congruent, and measurable" to the winds that quicken us, Warburton changed "winds" to *minds*, and this has been the reading of almost every edition from his day to our own. But the alteration is both unnecessary and in-

jurious, as it mars the metaphor that Antony employs throughout his speech. He speaks of himself and men in general under the figure of land; if this lie stagnant it soon becomes overgrown with a crop of idle weeds; but if duly eared or plowed and stirred up by the brisk, searching winds of spring, it becomes productive and fruitful;—just so the soil of our moral nature requires the wholesomely rough breath of public opinion and the strictures of private friends to blow freely through it to shake it up and invigorate it, to cause self-examination, uproot lethargy and other moral weeds, and prepare the mental earth for producing good fruit. Charles Knight, one of the few editors that have adhered to the original text, has a good note here, with which I will conclude:

"When, then, do we 'bring forth weeds'? In a heavy and moist season, when there are no 'quick winds' to mellow the earth, to dry up the exuberant moisture, to fit it for the plow. The poet knew the old proverb of the worth of a bushel of March dust; but the winds of March, rough and unpleasant as they are, he knew also produced this good. The 'quick winds,' then, are the voices which bring us true reports to put an end to our inaction. When these winds lie still we bring forth weeds. But the metaphor is carried farther; the winds have rendered the soil fit for the plow; but the knowledge of our own faults—ills—is as the plowing itself—the 'earring.'"

JOSEPH CROSBY.

ZANESVILLE, O., February 18th, 1884.

NOTINGS ON THREE PROPOSED CHANGES.

(Pages 88-9.)

(26a.) *L. L. Lost, III, i, 71 et seq.*

Mr. Crosby's interpretation of a "male" I take to be the most sensible and acute explanation of a Shakespearean word that has appeared for some time. But I would somewhat object to his adoption of Mr. Brae's change of "thee" to "thy." The grandiose but dandified and finikin Armado could not have so demeaned himself as to carry a wallet. Neither was he likely to permit his page to carry one, nor do I know of the slightest evidence for supposing that pages carried males or wallets. But such rustics as the clown did, as a rule, and as stated by Mr. Crosby, carry one. He, therefore, taking Armado's words both as a question and an incentive to commence his healing application, answers, as I would take it, "No salve in the male," showing that by "the male" he meant "my male," by looking at it and clapping or touching it. This reduces the errors to the common one of a reduplicated letter. And I would add that critics have not very unfrequently contrived to misunderstand passages in our old plays through not remembering that these are compositions intended to be gestured as well as spoken. Shakespeare in several passages shows that he wrote intending a particular gesture to be used, as in the "ware pensils ho" of Rosalind and in Malvolio's "or my—some rich jewel."

(26b.) *K. John, III, iv.*

There appear to me to be two strong objections against Mr. Kinnear's changes. They make this long speech of a Constance, in her agonies of grief and fear, too coherent, while the changes themselves are unnecessarily great. To take the last first, if one must give coherence to the sense—I shall [ne'er], etc., supplies all wants, and an occasional Alexandrine is, I think, more allowable in Shakespeare's earlier plays than a broken line in the midst of a speech. But I see no reason, metrical or otherwise, for making any change. The scansion, I take it, is:

If that | be true | I sh'll see | my boy | again.

"I shall see" being a foot that can be paralleled in any of the dramatists of that time. As to the sense, the silence of all critics and commentators—including such sorry and ready word-changers as Becket, Z. Jackson and Swynfen Jervis—seems to show that their views are much like this of mine. After her plaining and somewhat foolish utterances as to the binding up of her hair, she apparently, for a moment, would console herself with the thought that she will at last see her son in heaven for evermore. But scarcely is the thought uttered than, catching at the beauty sense of the equivocal "gracious," she darts off into the deeper wail: "No, I shall not; he'll be so altered as to be unrecognizable." Could any woman in her true senses suppose that her son would rise in heaven in the guise and appearance that he had on his worn-out death-bed? Could a mother of ordinary intelligence, unless unsettled by passion and grief, forget that he could recognize her as well as she him? Such a thought and such forgetfulness show of themselves what a weak though impulsive and loving Constance Shakespeare would depict, as well as her present agonized and therefore incoherent or inconsequent state of mind.

(26c.) *Hamlet, IV, vii, 21-24.*

Shakespeare was not an ultra precisian in his language, but, witty and wise, knew that a thought can be as well expressed by implication as by direct wording.

"Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars,"

tell us more than double the amount of direct description. So Shakespeare drew his metaphor from a matter of daily observation and experience and knew that to any archer or viewers of archers—and all were such in those days—the words, "loud wind," would not suggest, but imply a more than merely strong wind, and that of all the points whence it could blow it could not have blown "right aft," but contrariwise, for the rest of the passage plainly shows this. If one says that a gale drove him from his northeast course he needs not to say that the wind was not southwest nor in any point near it. Much as I admire many of the criticisms of Malone, Steevens, and the rest, they wrote in times of would-be extreme precision of expression and regarded rather the words used instead of the sense plainly intended and, I think, as plainly expressed.

Besides the unnecessary and "improving" nature of the change—two characteristics of nearly all our modern changes of the text—I would say that, though in H. F. 6, "lewd" is supposed to be used in a "somewhat similar sense" to misleading or thwarting, we want an exact parallel, and I venture to think that "lewd wind," in the sense of a "contrary wind," cannot be found in any Elizabethan or other writer, and is a phrase alien to their ordinary and idiomatic speech.

BR. NICHOLSON.

THREE PASSAGES COMMONLY MISINTERPRETED.

(27a.) *In Macbeth, II, i, 25, 26, we read,*

Macbeth. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honor for you.

Here the word *consent* troubles the critics, and they make many attempts to amend the text. But the word is exactly right and even felicitous. Macbeth at the outset is not without ambition, but he wishes to be without guilt. He would like to be merely passive.

"If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir." I, iii, 143, 144.

Later on he would fain seem the passive recipient of the royal dignity, merely giving his *consent*. He will wait patiently, not catch the nearest way. *Consent* is the only word that expresses the attitude in which he would appear to Banquo in view of the possible fulfillment of the witches' prediction.

(27*b*.) In *The Merchant of Venice*, I, i, 27, the original is,

"And see! my wealthy Andrew docks in sand!"

The commentators all change *docks* to *dock'd*. Needless; for the meaning is more vivid, more Shakespearean, to use the present tense, thus:

"And see! my wealthy Andrew docks in sand!"

i. e., places itself in sand as in a dock. It hardly needs to be said that there are no exclamation points anywhere used in the original.

(27*c*.) In *The Tempest*, III, i, 15, we have in the first folio,

"Most busy lest, when I do it."

In the second, third, and fourth folios, we find *least* in place of *lest*. *Lest* and *least* mean here the same thing. What need of adopting any one of the hun-

dred changes that have been suggested in these simple words? Punctuate thus:

"Most busy, least, when I do it."

Explain thus: Most busy, least busy, when I do this work; *i. e.*, when I think of Miranda's love, *toil* is even *restful*. The line is the exact converse of Macbeth's utterance in *Macbeth*, I, iv, 44,

"The rest is labor, which is not used for you,"

With *Macbeth*, repose is labor; with *Ferdinand*, labor is repose. Both thoughts are beautiful.

HOMER B. SPRAGUE.

BOSTON, February 9th, 1884.

ANSWERS.

(28.) IN the December number, p. 57, Queries (10), "Groatsworth" asks for the *point* in the word "peacock" in *Ham.*, III, ii, 295.

The word is "pajock," not "peacock," but seems to be generally taken as a dialectic form of "peacock." In Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary* it is given as a diminutive form of "patch"—a paltry, worthless fellow, a clown. Cf.—"Bull-ock," "hill-ock."

For Shakespeare's use of "patch," *vide Temp.*, III, ii, 71; *Com. Err.*, III, i, 32; *Merch. Ven.*, II, v, 46; *Mids. Nt. Dr.*, III, ii, 9, etc.

N. S. YARMOUTH.

NOVA SCOTIA.

The Drama.

IS BRUTUS SICK?

MANY of Mr. John McCullough's old admirers went to the Chestnut Street Opera House, during the holidays, to hear him play once more in *Julius Caesar*. They were all, doubtless, quite ready to admire him again. Still, those easiest disposed to approve him must have been secretly disappointed. Though his support was excellent, he himself failed to arouse enthusiasm.

On his first entrance it was easy to see, barring the explanation he made to Cassius, that this man was not gamesome, that he would lack the "quick spirit that was in Antony," and be easily subject to the humoring of Cassius; and yet, that he would bear himself with importance among Roman Senators, or modern actors, as one used to their deference and respect, and by weight of his honorable intent keep his chief place among them as one whose mind was guileless of double motives, and unsuspected of them, when other men for like action would be openly questioned. Such a man was McCullough's Brutus, and such also was Shakespeare's; but Shakespeare's added to the fine points thus indicated a finer one still—one without which the Brutus of history, of Plutarch, and of Shakespeare would be shorn of his beams—that is, a personal quality of unwearied sincerity which welded together all these less potent characteristics, inspired his conduct with a more permanent impulse than that of mere enthusiasm, and showing out through life and in death with an individual and unmistakable light, convinced his enemies of his purity.

McCullough's Brutus was too self-preoccupied, too much dependent on disconnected rhetorical effects, to give evidence of this permeating, unifying quality. It was a part admirably taken in a thousand ways, but not one growing from root to fruit.

PHILADELPHIA.

McCullough, thus, was Brutus in many essential features, yet not Brutus to the life. We might say further that his features were indeed the features of Brutus, but his voice was the voice of John McCullough.

We had always, through the play, a lurking sense that the resemblances between Shakespeare's Brutus and his were secured more by half-unconscious accident than by the self-absorbing intention of an impersonation thoroughly meant. We felt that it was often a certain similarity in circumstance and character, and not sheer force of acting, which made his Brutus seem very like the Brutus of the play.

This is not pure art, that works with coalescing strokes, which always foresee the end—but this is a thing of mongrel realism, like that of a photograph "touched up," with many separable touches.

However, it is hard to be actor and artist too, and it is easy to be exacting. The dispirited and preoccupied manner of the man, penetrating every guise of the actor, returns reproachfully to the memory. It was singularly appropriate in the first scenes of the play, though even there a matter to be found fault with, for the reason that it seemed more like the real thing than it did like acting. It was out of place in just so much as it was unassuming. It is possible this flaw in manner may have been more a passing effect of mood than an inherent defect in his art.

If the actor of Brutus was actually vexed, as he seemed to be and as Brutus was, "with passions of some difference, conceptions only proper to (himself), which gave some soil, perhaps, to (his) behaviours," we may justly give him the benefit of Brutus' own apology, and we need not "construe any further (his) neglect, than that poor Brutus, with himself at war," forgot to give the finer shows of his art to other men.

CHARLOTTE PORTER.

Shakespearian Societies.

[The Secretaries of Shakespearian Societies are invited to furnish the minutes of their meetings and whatever is of value and interest in their essays and discussions for publication in this department.]

A SHAKESPEARIAN BILL OF FARE.—At the Annual Dinner of the Massachusetts Press Association, at the Revere House, Boston, February 5th, 1884, the following was the *menu*, the quotations being furnished by Mr. W. J. Rolfe, one of the vice-presidents of the Society :

MENU.

Thou most beauteous inn!—*Richard II.* V, i.
Royal cheer, I warrant you!—*T. of A.*, III, vi.

OYSTERS ON SHELL.

Poor naked wretches!—*Lear*, III, iv.
Swallow them up.—*Othello*, III, iii.
SOUP.

Vegetable. Hare.
I'd wish no better choice.—*Per.*, V, i.

FISH.

Baked Chicken Halibut. Potato Croquettes.
A most fresh and delicate creature.—*Othello*, II, ii.
We should take root here where we sit.—*Henry VIII.* I, ii.

REMOVES.

Boiled Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce.
Roast Young Turkey Stuffed with Chestnuts.
Roast Sirloin of Beef.

Sir Andrew. Faith, I can cut a caper.
Sir Toby. And I can cut the mutton to 't.—*T. N.*, I, iii.
My tender juvenal!—*L. L.*, I, ii.
O my sweet beef.—*Henry IV.* III, iii.

ENTREES.

Cream of Lettuce.

We may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.—*A. W.*, IV, v.

Chicken Patties. Fried Bananas.
Incaged birds.—*Henry VI.* VI.
Devours up all the fry it finds.—*A. W.*, IV, iii.

RELEVE.

Orange Punch.

That huge spirit now is cold.—*A. and C.*, IV, xv.

GAME.

Roast Saddle of Venison. Dressed Celery.

Art thou there, my deer?—*M. W.*, V, v.
Tender, raw, and young.—*Rich. II.* II, iii.

SWEETS.

Charlotte Russe. Ice Cream. Wine Jelly. Water Ice.
As sweet as balm, as soft as air.—*A. and C.*, V, ii.
Every part about me quivers.—*R. and J.*, II, iv.
Candied with ice.—*T. of A.*, IV, iii.

Cold, cold, my girl!—*Oth.*, V, ii.

FRUITS.

The fruits are to ensue.—*Oth.*, II, iii.

TEA AND COFFEE.

We may call it herb of grace.—*Ham.*, IV, v.
Black angel.—*Lear*, III, vi.

I have supped full.—*Macbeth*, V, v.

If you look for a good speech now, you undo me.—*2 Henry IV.* epilogue.

THE SISTERS' SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY, of Elizabeth, N. J., locally known as the S. S. S., consists exclusively of ladies. The meetings are held weekly at 9.45 A. M. and continue for two hours. Fines are imposed for tardiness and absence. At present the Society is engaged in the study of Shakespeare's historical plays, special attention being paid to the study of their times and history. Each member is required to memorize and give a quotation from some play at each meeting.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY, Bristol, England, Jan. 26th, 1884.—The following papers were read :

"Some Stray Thoughts Upon *Cymbeline*," by Mr. J. W. Mills, B. A.; "The Central Idea of *Cymbeline*," (1) by Mr. J. W. Mills, B. A., who argued that there was not one to be found in the play. (2) By Mr. Leo H. Grindon, of Manchester, who maintained that Shakespeare here sets forth the "moral beauty of womanhood." Mrs. C. I. Spencer read a paper on "Imogen." Mr. Mills also had a paper on "The Non-Shakespearian Character of Part of Act V of *Cymbeline*." Mr. John Williams read a paper on "The Inconsistencies of the Theory of the Baconian Authorship of the Plays." This followed a communication made by Dr. J. N. Langley in favor of the theory.

L. M. GRIFFITHS, Secretary.

ROCHESTER SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—This Society was organized at Rochester, New York, Dec. 18th, 1865, and has continued its meetings since. Rev. F. W. Holland, of Cambridge, Mass., then pastor of the Unitarian Church here, was one of its prime movers and directors. Of the original members there are still residing at Rochester the following, most of whom are still members : Hon. James L. Angle, Justice Supreme Court (whose readings of Falstaff's characters have more than a local reputation for excellence); Mrs. J. L. Angle, De L. Crittenden, Mrs. C. M. Crittenden, Claude Crittenden, William B. Crittenden, James M. Angle, M. H. Fitz Simmons, R. H. Lansing, Sol. Wile. One of the most active members in years past, Mr. William S. Lee, is in London permanently, but his interest in the Club is continued by correspondence and transmission of Shakespeariana to the Club. Mrs. O. W. Moore, formerly a favorite actress, is now one of the conspicuous members of the Club, and her dramatic education and intellectual gifts render her readings most valuable and enjoyable. The first reading in 1884 was *Winter's Tale*. The Club meets fortnightly this season. C.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—This Society, established in 1863, consists at present of twelve members from the highest division of the school, four masters, a limited number of honorary members, formerly in the Society, and a few literary gentlemen. The sessions, which last from October to December and January to Easter, are held on Saturday evenings. The greater plays are read in two parts, the shorter in one. There are open nights on two or three evenings. Papers on literary points arising in the plays read are introduced on alternate nights. The younger members are trained in elocution and in their parts. Music incidental to the plays is introduced and in the case of the romantic dramas accompaniments by artists, piano, violin or harp, as the case may be. The plays read during the half of the seasons 1883 to 1884 were : One night, *Julius Caesar*; two nights, *King John*; one night *Much Ado About Nothing*; two nights, *Hamlet*; one night, *Tempest*. Papers were read by the President on "Reading Aloud;" by Mr. Hardy, on "The Historical accuracy of King John;" by Mr. Talbot, on "The Relation of Hamlet to Ophelia."

C. HALFORD HAWKINS, President.

MONTREAL SHAKESPEARE CLUB.—February 4th, Mr. N. Rielle in the chair. The subject of the night was an address by Professor Moyses, of McGill University upon "The Morality of Shakespeare." The reader showed that it was impossible to treat this question from any ecclesiastical standpoint. With Shakespeare morality was an impulse toward mundane right-doing set on foot by mundane peril, which being disregarded resulted in mundane ruin. The supernatural formed no essential part of Shakespeare's morality. On the other hand, Shakespeare does not neglect mundane peril by denying it or by asserting that immorality is worth the venture. Thus his plays are not, like the Restoration drama, plays of intrigue or immorality. The note of righteousness, which Taine had remarked as ever present in English literature, was prominent in his plays. The reader illustrated the positive side of his subject by *Love's Labour's Lost* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, plays generally considered to be without deep meaning, but in which the essayist pointed out a conscious moral.

February 11th, 1884.—Chairman, Mr. A. E. Abbott. The subject of the night was *Macbeth*. The first paper was by Mr. R. W. Boodle upon "The Character of Macbeth." The reader considered the tragedy of the play to lie in the moral ruin of Macbeth. His impressionable nature betrayed him to the allurements of the Weird Sisters, and he came to consider himself the favorite of destiny. Yet, like *Œdipus*, he was ready to fight against it. Starting with a merely æsthetic horror of blood, the murder of Duncan stirs his

conscience into activity. Some points of similarity were pointed out between the play and Hawthorne's *Transformation*. Mr. H. Abbott read an essay upon "The Character of Lady Macbeth." The view given of her character was a compromise between the extreme opinions of Lamb and Maginn. She was not a cold-blooded murderess; her motive was ambition for her husband; her marriage had at first been one of respect, but she came to despise her lord. Lady Macbeth's remorse, though without reference to an offended Deity, led to her death. Thus, while crime hardened Macbeth, it filled her with despair.

February 18th, 1884.—Chairman, Mr. E. Lafleur. Subject, *Macbeth* (continued). Mr. Rielle read a paper upon "The Character of Banquo," treating him as a foil to Macbeth. Both are tempted; but Banquo's simple nature withstands, while Macbeth's yields. At the beginning they are brothers-in-arms: at the end a deep gulf of moral repulsion is fixed between them. Mr. T. D. King, in a paper on "Shakespeare's Ghosts," considered that they were never introduced except to serve a special purpose. Mr. Gould gave an æsthetic study of the "Porter Scene and the Knocking at the Gate." Believing the Porter's soliloquy to be genuine, he justified the episode by the two laws of relief and completeness. The comic element in Shakespeare serves the purpose of the chorus in Greek plays. Mr. W. McLennan, in a paper entitled "Two Temptations," contrasted Macbeth's temptation by the witches with Faust's temptation by Mephistopheles.

R. W. BOODLE, Secretary.

Miscellany.

Dr. Browne is reading *Hamlet* two hours a week with a class of nine in Johns Hopkins University.

The second and last volume of Heinrich Bulthaupt's *Dramaturgie der Classiker* treats exclusively of Shakespeare.

The new edition of the *Bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy* which Mr. W. H. Wyman is to issue immediately, will contain upward of two-hundred titles, the first containing only sixty-three.

A large class in the University of Pennsylvania, under the direction of Prof. McElroy, has read during the past six months *As You Like It*, *A Comedy of Errors*, and *King Lear*. The class meet twice weekly.

Dr. E. A. Baralt delivered a course of three lectures, of which one was on *Hamlet*, at Chickering Hall, New York. Dr. Baralt's lectures have been well received in Havana, Newport, and Saratoga.

The late Thomas R. Gould's "Ghost in *Hamlet*," a full-faced alto relief in a sunken oval, considered by many critics one of the most remarkable pieces of modern sculpture, has been placed on sale at his son's studio in the Studio Building, Boston.

The Tragedy of *Othello, the Moore* [sic] of Venice, edited by M. Paul Gerard, with a preliminary essay by M. Darmesteter, has recently been added to Delagrave's series of *Classiques Anglaises*. It contains an interesting section on "Othello in France."

Dr. Edward Engel, editor of *Das Magazine für die Literatur des In- u. Auslandes* has recently published

at Leipzig a pamphlet entitled, *Hat Francis Bacon die Dramen William Shakespeares Geschrieben?* in which he severely ridicules the theory.

A course of lectures on English literature is now being delivered at the Collège de France, by M. Guillaume Guizot, the son of the famous statesman. M. Guizot's subject for the present is Shakespeare. Later he will take up the life and works of Byron.

An opera on the subject of *Richard III*, by M. Salvayne, has recently been produced at St. Petersburg. The libretto seems to be a free adaptation of Shakespeare's tragedy, and the music is described as exhibiting great talent. It has a strong leaning toward the Wagnerian school.

Mr. Locke Richardson recently delivered four lectures with recitals at the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, on (1) *Macbeth*, (2) *Julius Caesar*, (3) *Twelfth Night*, (4) *King Lear*. Mr. Richardson presented a condensed version of each play, reciting the principle scenes, which he connects together by a thread of narrative and elucidates by explanatory and critical remarks.

The noted Russian lawyer Spassovitch has recently published in St. Petersburg a new study of *Hamlet*. He takes an unfavorable view of *Hamlet's* character, finding fault not only with the predominance of reflective over active force, but pointing also to his want of any firm principles and convictions—a defect which from the very nature of his disposition he is unable to remedy. The essay is remarkable both for its originality and power of psychological analysis.